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STEELL, WILLIS,
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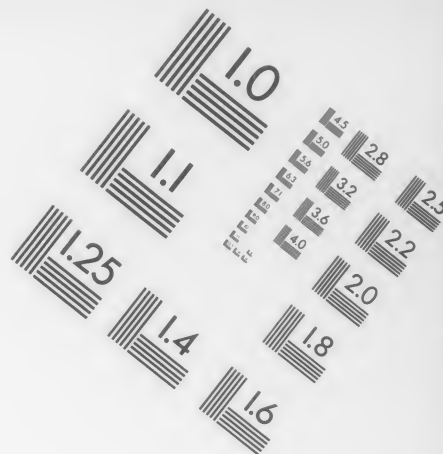
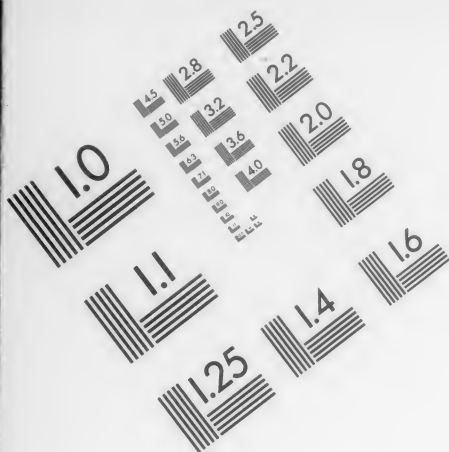
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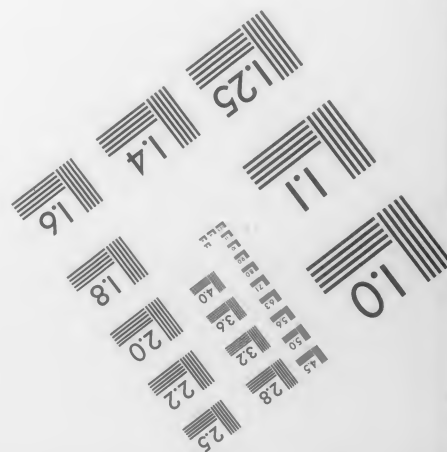
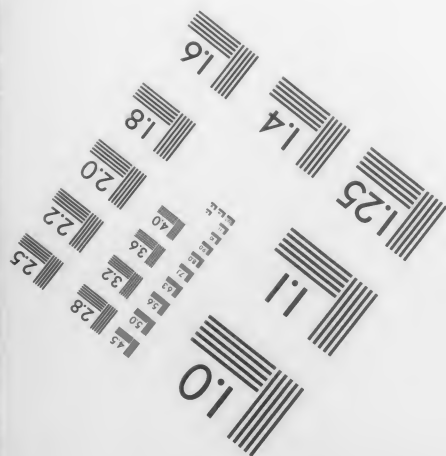
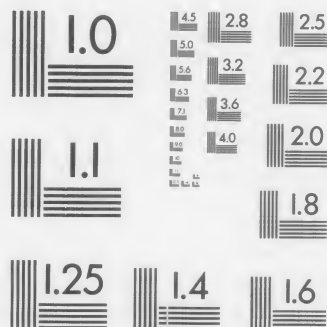
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IN SEVILLE

AND

THREE TOLEDAN DAYS

BY

WILLIS STEELL

AUTHOR OF "THE DEATH OF THE DISCOVERER,"

"ISIDRA," ETC

NEW YORK:
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1894.

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NOTE.

With one exception, the articles which make up this book have appeared before in print, and the author takes this opportunity of cordially thanking the editors of *Harper's Bazar*, *Godey's*, the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, and the *Herald* of Chicago, for permission to use them again.

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• • Dedication • •

MY DEAR FRANK—

If this book can look confidently to any one for indulgence, it must be to you, who are, in some degree, responsible for it. Except for the idea of pleasing you, it would never have appeared between covers, but had been, perforce, content with the piece-meal life it has hitherto led in the files of various journals and magazines. Your responsibility goes deeper, for I can almost assert that yours were the eyes that saw, and yours the hand that set down, much that is here described. If that is not true to the letter, in spirit it is incontrovertible.

All that follows you have already read three or four times over. I suppose you will read the book now, and we may regret together that the spirit of our delightful winter in Seville is not more faithfully preserved. But there are hints within these pages which you and I alone can appreciate. How could I reveal some of our innocent secrets to others? Do you think the attempt would have been successful had I unstoppered the vase of personal reminiscence? We would have lost some of its subtle aroma without enriching the common air.

In truth, I do not think this book can dull the edge of our recollections, any more than the newspaper letters which we wrote about Seville while we were living in

Seville. They were careless things, and this is not much better. But keep the book which I inscribe to you, as we keep hotel bills, (receipted) and other legal evidence that we really have been in Seville. Otherwise, as the years crowd up to a decade since we were there, we might wonder if it were more than a delightful dream. Put it away and when we talk again of Seville, it will not be on the lines this book lays down. It will be as formerly: "Do you remember——?" "Have you forgotten——?"—incidents as undignified and joyous as youth itself. And you may be sure, my dear Frank, that not a moment of that gay and charming winter has been forgotten by your friend

WILLIS STEELL.

TO FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

IN SEVILLE.

IN SEVILLE.

I.

THAT first week in Seville was a very lonely one. It was the rainy and guestless season, when dining in the great hall of the Fonda de Madrid, where we were quartered all alone, was a duty that subdued our spirits like a funeral. Two places were laid for us at the head of the board, which extended its linen-shrouded length through the immense room, and we had not walked to our seats many times before the table began to wear a look of reproach, as if but for us they would take off the white cloth and leave it to the repose natural to the season. There came no cheerful French commercial travelers, no Spanish clerks, who are great supporters of table d'hôte, to help us out, for the reason that another ordinary of the city is more popular with them; but, on two evenings, we had the company of a thin, tearful English lady, who acknowledged what courtesies we could give with monosyllables and ends of

smiles. Before the close of dinner, however, she grew emboldened to beg our escort, next day, to the Tobacco Manufactory. Would we take her? Her party was leaving Seville next day but one, and she was so distrustful of the commissionnaires!

We were charmed. I think, at the time, we would have been attracted by a wooden woman if, by a stretch of the possibilities, she could speak English—and the pale, feminine guest lapsed confidential. She had come to Seville with two ladies, who had not stirred out of their rooms since arriving, three days before. "Are they sick?" we inquired with sympathy.

"Sick? No!" she answered, almost in tears. "They have simply been lying down, reading novels. What is your idea? To come to Seville to read Besant's novels, without stirring a foot to see the place where Carmen made cigarettes! It is just preposterous."

When she had gone, and with her the English novelist's admirers, whom, by the way, we never saw, the dreary state of the Madrid's dinner weighed heavier than before, and at length seemed insupportable. We lost appetite, and must have broken the cook's heart, if he was a conscientious artist, by sending back so many dishes untouched. At this juncture we sighed for a place where

there would be less to eat and more company to eat it. That conjunction is found in its highest development, we reflected, in an American boarding-house; why not in a Spanish?

Then it was that we discovered in our wanderings in the streets of the Love of God, of Jesus, of Santa Isabel—each very clean, very dark, and very winding—one named for a more familiar saint, the O'Donnell, which, for that reason, we closely scanned. So it came about—I remember no more romantic chance—that one day we rang Mariana's bell. The dim and narrow hall that we were admitted to, the dim and cold *cuarto bajo*, or room off the hall, which, we were told, was at our disposal; the slatternly maid who told us this, with explanations in a Spanish we could not understand, because, as we afterward learned, it was Catalan, and lastly, the appearance of Mariana in person, a tall, buxom woman, with hard, white cheeks and a cold smile—surely none of these inducements was tempting enough to cause us to take up our abode there. But we did, and I can think of no other temptation.

Stop! There was Margarita; she was the cook, an Irish woman of perhaps fifty winters, stout and ruddy; Margarita it must have been who clinched the bargain. She came out of

her kitchen on learning that we were English, and wept big, slow tears at the sound of her mother-tongue, which she had almost forgotten.

Poor old Margarita! Every morning, while we remained, she came into the dining-room, or stood, with arms folded under a small triangular shawl, just inside of the door to demand what we would eat for breakfast: "An egg now?" or "a bit of beef?" only for the sake of hearing the answer in English. Margarita had not many ideas in her kindly old head and fewer memories; she could not remember when she left Ireland, but she was a saucy girl there, and she had forgotten when she came to Spain, and why. She was certain of but one thing, which she seemed to think explained the rest, as it certainly did, she had married her "sojer" and accompanied him.

Once we visited Margarita's kitchen; that was not too remote, being at the end of the hall, two doors only from our chamber and adjoining the dining-room. It was a large, gloomy place, lighted by two disheartened windows, and seemed so fit for the brewing of an insane potion that after seeing it we forgot to grumble at the table, in our wonder at any food palatable proceeding thence. Margarita, indeed, was a cheery gramalkin, and her songs went up through the huge

overhanging chimney about as continuously as the smoke. A brick dresser, with several furnaces in which charcoal was burned, filled the space under the chimney, and its surface was constantly occupied by pucheros that were going to the fire or had but come off. Other pucheros, stone pots, hung on nails on the walls, of every different size, like the progeny of prolific parents. From that kitchen, Margarita said, she had not stirred for three years, except when it was necessary to go out into the street to haggle with a cheating carbonaro; and, in truth, she seemed to be there day and night; the door was rarely closed, and during the day we could hear her moving heavily about, and at night see her sitting in the draught, with the triangular shawl drawn over her head, and smoking a pipe as objectionable to the nose as an extinct volcano.

The comedor of Mariana's pension, on the contrary, was an exceedingly cheerful room, really being the patio, enclosed with a glass roof, under which so gayly sang half a dozen canaries that I fancied they took the glass for an ordinary layer of atmosphere. The table, covered with a cloth no longer white, filled the place. It was thronged at the dinner hour with a piratical company of sullen, scowling boarders, who extinguished

the cloth beneath arms, elbows and shoulders. The first impression made by our fellow-guests was not happy; but it improved as we came to know them better, though it would be untrue to say that the young men who ate at Mariana's table ever grew less inattentive than they showed themselves to be on the first day, to many of the commonest and widest established axioms of good breeding as practised in other parts of the world. It seems important, having said this, to define their position in the world, for Mariana's was a polite pension, and her boarders were cadets and young government clerks, and many of them the sons of noblemen, though her principal support was drawn from the medical college, whose dissecting-rooms were just around the corner.

Except the cadets, who wore very becoming fatigue caps, all the men kept on their hats at table, and we seemed to be breaking our daily bread in company of a second-hand hat shop, that boasted its ability to turn any sort of old head covering into an indistinct resemblance to the last Paris fashion. The monotony went deeper, for, except the cadets again, who flaunted the flag of youth in their cheeks, the countenances of this dinner tertulia had been touched by the same brush, one dipped in the soberest colors of the

palette. In respect to age, also, no guest seemed to have the advantage of the others—all were young, and all were also old; in appearance and in conversation they were young old men, who had seen the world and realized how hard life was in it, save in times of revolution. I do not wish to be understood to say that their appearance and conversation affected this knowledge, a trick not uncommon with young men the world over. It was the contrary with these youthful Spaniards, a spirit of worldly wisdom affecting them, and weighting the brightest with a measure of sadness. Their talk of the events of the hour, political and economical, never made one smile with the half-pitying, wholly envying feeling that young Americans inspire in their elders when they give to commonplaces the accent of fresh discovery. One felt that these young men were handling parts of the machine which had crushed them, and speaking out of the fullness of inherited despair.

We had removed from Mariana's, and gained a wider Spanish experience before we realized that the manners of her boarders were perfect copies of their elders, for in the vivacity of their prandial discussions or quarrels, if bandying depreciatory diminutives of proper names and distributing light adjectives

tives among fathers and more remote ancestors may be called quarrels, our fellow boarders seemed to be very young. Ours was a table of words, where we ate and debated with equal voracity. No subject was too sublime or too petty for Mariana's palliament, and we were equally divided, the right side of the board from the left, over them all. If the Left jeered at the bailerina of a salon cantante, the Right instantly spoke up in her favor; but Right and Left usually spoke at once, or, if either seized a moment of silence, to begin to declare an opinion, the other side was up, shouting a perfect din of "aba—aaa—jos," and keeping it up till breath gave out all round the table.

Such reputations as were made and unmade in the same instant at Mariana's! The Prima, of the *Cervante* sings false, cries the Left, and Right almost instantaneously shouts that Spain enjoys in her another Maria Garcia. Señor Sagasta at one moment is the leader of his party and his country's good angel; at the next he is a dolt, a trickster, a puppet—"abaaaa-jo!" Down with him!

It was not easy for the stranger to make nice distinctions in these family jars, so to speak, or to know the exact line that divided friendly difference from hateful dissension, but I observed that one young man who sat

near enough to the head of the table to be neutral, though mostly a silent and diligent feeder, always spoke up at those moments when blows appeared imminent, and by a sally, between two spoonsful of beans, buried the hatchet in a laugh. This peacemaker had nature to aid him; he was short and stout, with a droll obliquity in one eye that gave a perennial comical expression to his countenance, and a tang to his words that never failed to settle Mariana's swarming bees. He wore the *capa parda*, and a very shabby one it was, in keeping with his clothing and well cherished hat; but poor and a commoner though he was, the other boarders took their cue from an intellectual superiority they never questioned.

In any account, however sketchy, of our huespedes Emilio, the dining-room boy must not be omitted. A little touch of Emilio had to be added to each diner to bring him into shading with the others, but if he had not acted as a universal blender Emilio's personality would compel him into the relation. He had entire charge of the comedor, and kept it in a state of slovenly neatness—neatness at second hand—that reminded one of the mental state of Sancho Panza. At meal-time he brought from the kitchen knave, cavalier and king, as the three courses of a

Spanish dinner are denominated, whenever they were required (the service was complicated by late arrivals and went forward backwards), besides carrying oil, vinegar and salt from one end of the table to the other, supplying napkins, replenishing baskets of bread and fruit, carrying off dishes, and doing all in a blundering way, as if he were moving about in twilight, for which he received a sufficient amount of abuse. Emilio was, indeed, somewhat impervious to scoldings, for he was quite as full of native cunning and hereditary deference as the Squire in the first half of Book First. He could not have been more than fourteen years of age, though his skin-dried, colorless face, under a faded silk cap with a peak, would have suited an old man. He had spindle legs, supporting what was bound, in time, to be a paunch, and I would like to meet Emilio again, in order to see if this descendant of the governor of Baratania fulfilled, in physical proportions as well as in shrewdness and credulity, the promise of his youth.

II.

THE callé O'Donnell is a little street of Seville, very short, very narrow, and very quiet. For some time we held it in light esteem as a place for the determined sight-seer to escape from, but after accident had discovered to us that it contained within itself the elements of Sevillian life, the O'Donnell rivalled for our attention with the Mercado. Inapproachably picturesque had seemed to us the Mercado—a quaint conflux of streets to the east of the fashionable Sierpes—and a pen-and-ink sketch of it will show by contrast what a pastel of the O'Donnell ought to be.

The Mercado had scores of tiny shops with fronts to be taken out every morning, not much larger than those of a Moorish bazar, and, like them, containing merchandise of a surprising variety: knives and daggers, buttons and beads; rugs, carpets, rolls of cloth, and everything in the line of confections, from prunes to preserved watermelons. This old quarter follows the Arabian custom in grouping together the shops where the same kind of goods is sold. There are the booths of the clothing-dealers, gaudy with pink, blue and orange vests and scarfs. There are the silk

merciers' shops, and the hardly less bright booths of the leather merchants, where thousands of sets of harness of every conceivable color for horses, mules and asses are hanging upon the walls. And there are the dens of the armorers, where all sorts of knives and blades and spears are kept, from the primitive Iberian bident—a long pole with a crescent of steel—to the matador's straight Toledan blade.

The neighborhood of the Mercado is naturally the favorite stage of street players; the violin and the guitar—chiefly the guitar—and a concertina or two, are forever wailing there like starved kittens for food. But the O'Donnell, as it has less traffic and fewer idlers, rarely has any street players of its own. What music it enjoys it overhears at long range, from the begging musicians of the Plaza Magdalena, or the Plaza del Duque, which stop its progress north and south respectively. The shops of the O'Donnell are larger and emptier than the Mercado's booths, but it is not easy to detect differences between their customers, those of the O'Donnell buying in as small quantities and taking as long a time about it as those of the Mercado. Whenever we sat behind our *reja* and *ate iron*, as the Sevillians say, we learned as much about the habits of the people as we

could hope to do by posting ourselves in the crowded and fatiguing Mercado, and with the advantage, not to be despised, of personal comfort.

The day begins early and in the most interesting fashion. Beneath my observatory (the window, barred like a prison's, is scarcely a man's height above the street) flows a stream of feminine life on its way to the mass in the neighboring church in the calle de las Armas. I can even lie in bed and count them as they pass—by a rosette of lace, a bit of fluttering ribbon. But I despise a soul so sluggish. I will rise, dress myself, and lean gently against the iron bars. Softly as I take my station, still as I remain, the devotee coming towards my window knows I am there. Her eyes are cast down, her step demure, her hands folded—I regret that I am going to see only the top of her head—until she is directly beneath me. Then her hands fly apart, her head sways quickly back, and two great black eyes dip full into mine. She smiles maliciously, deliciously. Oh! was I not right when I said she knew I was there?

At the mouth of the O'Donnell a pastry cook has his shop, a fine place painted in yellow and blue, indigestible colors, and it makes an obstruction in this feminine stream that no woman wave of it can get around.

She is powerless to avoid drifting in there as in an eddy to eat a cake and hear the news. The woman behind the counter has a face as ugly as her tongue is unctuous—which is paying her a left-handed compliment, for no courtier could surpass her in flattering the purchasers, most of whom are evidently customers of long standing.

"Ave Maria!" she cries, covering at the same time a cake frosted with pink and white sugar. "Don't take that one, Doña Yoletta, Take a chocolate to deaden your own colors, or the men will pull this shop over my ears."

"I've a message for you, madonna, from—the padre."

Next she detains a well preserved beauty who has despatched her morning sweet. Then ensues a medley of whispers and screams, in which the cunning shopwoman mingles praises of the lady's beauty and encomiums of her own *dulces adornados*.

A more mysterious shop, one which had many women callers, but sent them away looking unhappy, kept four or five doors from the pasteleria. Its attractive windows usually displayed a fine toca or mantilla, or some costly trifle of lace and silk, but its shelves were bare. This shop was always open at night, and to a late hour. Often after

I have blown out my candle I have seen a light streaming through the panes. Once I went in to ask the price of an elaborately embroidered scarf which hung in the window. A small boneless man, looking more like a Burmese than a Spaniard, came forward with a suspicious air. He quoted an extravagant price, and without permitting me to examine the scarf, lifted it down and withdrew into the back room. A few minutes after he returned to hasten my departure. In general the noble Spaniard who keeps shop is indifferent whether you buy or not, but this one carried indifference to the extreme of Oriental contempt. I learned later that the suspicious little man was not a genuine shopkeeper, but a go-between of noble ladies whom poverty compelled to surrender their grandmothers' laces, and other ladies whose ancestors had neglected to provide them with such feminine patents of nobility.

After the religious have gone, the street, or that side of it which I see, falls back into a delicious doze, induced by the transparent shadows, like veils of blue tulle, blown softly up and down by the cool, fresh morning breeze. The walls directly opposite my window rise very high; I cannot see the sky above them. They have neither shape nor

form, being the backs of buildings that front on the Sierpes, and if they ever had any character repeated coats of lime have sunk it out of sight. These walls have neither windows nor doors, and they look as if they had been thrown up merely to reflect the sun dazzlingly in the afternoon, and in the morning to translate the indescribable transparency of the shadows. They have another use, it seems, which is to frame between them a pretty house with balconied windows, a street door having the Moorish arch, and an ogive window on the ground-floor. This little house is whitewashed also, the brown tiles of the roof now yellowing against the sky supplying the only touch of color, but it has the look of being happily inhabited. And presently the look becomes certainty. A pair of rounded arms reach forth, and hang on the iron railing a drapery of crimson damask embroidered in gold arabesques. While I am straining my eyes to see through the half-open shutters the sun leaps down and seizes for his own the brilliant stuff. Instantly the O'Donnell, which had been state before, becomes pageantry.

Breakfast-time comes and goes, the men of the quarter have returned to business, and the O'Donnell at last begins its day. Itinerant merchants turn the corner around the pastry

shop, and pass slowly up and down the street, driving before them mules and asses laden with straw and charcoal, and shouting through raucous throats: "Paja! paja! Carbon! Cabrito!" These men, worn by privation and burned by the sun, are clad in poor, gray garments, but their animals have gaudy caparisons of red or yellow cloth, hung about with bells, and ornamented with tassels and plumes. In their wake come fruit-venders with baskets of oranges and pomegranates; and as this traffic is principally left to women, it makes the liveliest hour of the morning in the O'Donnell, when cooks and fruit-women join battle. Scornful and indignant exclamations arise on every side, a stifled hum floats down from the Magdalena Plaza, and standing at the door of our huespedes, Margarita shrieks and implores and dismisses her favorite market-woman all in one breath.

At length the bedlam of bargaining ceases. The merchants have retired, and the domestics are left in possession of the street. Now is the opportunity of the organ players and mountebanks. This is the moment when cooks are at leisure and open-handed, as those should be who have gained a great battle.

The women stand in their doors, surrounded by their purchases, and scan the

street up and down, as if inviting the players. Sometimes the invitation is accepted. See this party of two—or is it three?—that enters the O'Donnell. It stops beneath my *reja*. The man throws his guitar across his arm and strikes a loud chord. The woman sets down two bundles; one of them looks as if it possessed life, and she unrolls and spreads out the other—a faded carpet—on the pavement. Then she takes up her concertina and accompanies her husband, while the first bundle—yes, it possesses life—begins to dance. Now I am glad that my window is raised the height of a man above the street. If it were lower I should see nothing, for every *cuchina* has emptied itself, and the curious crowd is dense indeed. Yet I see for a long time without comprehending. What is it that is dancing? Is it an automaton? Is it a human being? The music stops, with a long piercing note, and the dancer looks up. It is a female dwarf, a creature with a woman's face and bust, but without legs. When the wind of the *cachucha* blows out her voluminous skirts, I can see that she dances on stumps. She looks like an evil disposed gnome, a descendant of the two hideous dwarfs in *Las Meninas*, and to the piece of money that falls on the carpet she responds by blowing me a repulsive kiss.

Fortune loiters in the O'Donnell to-day. Here comes a troop of recruits on the way to the Ayuntamiento. Coarse but open countenances these fellows have, and they plainly relish the sarcastic speeches that reach their ears from the women on either side. In lieu of answer, which is forbidden, the soldiers slyly flaunt the vulgar scarfs tied about their waists—a gesture which enrages some of the women and amuses others. A young officer of an aristocratic pallor and slimness rides a magnificent horse in front of the band. He looks neither to the left nor to the right, yet warm eyes and a flattering silence pursue him. A lame old man and a tiny boy, both enveloped in ragged garments varnished with dirt, come next, pushing and pulling a wretched little donkey packed to the level of my window with household furniture. The old man, who is dripping with perspiration, replies bitterly to the torrent of female abuse showered upon him, and the tiny boy yells out in his childish treble a string of adult oaths. Three mangy dogs that have been driven out of the plaza del Duque, where they spent the night, pass furtively along in the centre of the street, increasing their pace at the cries of the women, and glancing up with hopeless eyes, like the pariahs that they are. A stone that

somebody throws strikes one dog. He does not even stop to yelp, but speeds on faster. A sudden silence falls on the tongues of my neighbors. It tells me that the frightful old woman, her head bound with a red handkerchief, now passing in the street noiselessly and without raising her eyes from the ground, is a fortune-teller. One tall girl, with defiance in her mien, runs out of a doorway and slips something into the old woman's lifeless hand. Then she retires and shuts the door before the flaming head-dress of this *madre de Triana* has vanished into the plaza. She knows that as soon as the gypsy is out of hearing her fellow-servants of the quarter will shriek with scornful laughter; and she knows, too, that not one of them but has paid the old woman a fee for a handsome caballero.

Attended by a crowd of ragged boys, bright eyed and rich complexioned, like Murillo's models, a hand-organ turns into the O'Donnell—a true hand-organ, rare in Seville. There is a clapping of hands, a cheering as of one woman, but, alas! it is too late. Smothered commands issue from the interiors. It is time to prepare the puchero if the O'Donnell is to dine to-day, and the mistresses are calling in their servants. Angry, expostulatory, with many a backward glance,

the women obey; and the grinder, who had already resumed position, shrugs his shoulders and wheels his organ in the direction of the plaza.

A repose, a quiet that is not at all melancholy, settles upon the street, out of which the blue shadows have long since departed. I perceive that the sun is shining hotly on the upper half of the blank wall opposite, and revealing, with its implacable light, green and iron-red crevices that were not noticeable before. All the cracks and discolorations of the painted shutters, now tightly closed, all the dilapidation of the tiles, the broken rails of the balcony in the little house that appeared but a moment since so new and pure, are painfully obvious now. I look to see if the crimson drapery has caught fire. It no longer hangs on the balcony. While I have been intent on the life below my window, the round arms have emerged and withdrawn again.

How hot it is! Occasionally a man or a beast passes in the street, but they seem like figures in a dream. The people walking in the plaza resemble dark shadows floating across a calcium-lighted screen. The solid buildings opposite appear to shake and tremble in the furnace, and I should not be surprised to see their tiles fall down, their sides crumble, and

the red flames leap skyward. But I should wish to save out of the general destruction the pretty house I admire so much ; or if I could not succeed so far, at least to rescue its mistress. Where is she now ? In the canopied court, among palms, in a dusky golden green atmosphere, sunk in yellow silk cushions, and listening, with her head supported by one of those pretty arms, to the ripple of a fountain ?

Alas ! my *reja* is growing painfully hot to the touch. The sultry air hangs leaden. In a little while the fierce sun will enter.

But it is hotter across the way. The sun has climbed down from the upper windows and is licking the defaced tile-work of the arched door. Its burnished tongue passes over every rosette, into every recessed hive, along every stalactite of the ogive window. It reveals to me another row of ogives, smaller and behind the first, of which in shadow or out of the direct ray they look like the ornamental filling. The intruding sun throws them out in their true value, and I see that the interior row is carved in a lace-like pattern of arabesques rarer and more delicate than those one may run and admire. It is always possible to know true Arabian art, which spends its greatest elaboration on things which must be hunted for. I see also

that this inner row of ogives have escaped the whitewash brush. All that fine lacework, all those tiny circles and crescents and rosettes, were once brilliant with pink and yellow and green pigments ; they are not absolutely faded now ; indeed, they are sparkling at this moment, like stones which when dipped in water recover instantly a liquid freshness and brightness.

The sun is back on the tiles ; a reddish shadow hangs midway between street and roof. The windows and doors of the O'Donnell are pushed open, with one exception—the window I have been watching throughout the afternoon. From the other houses women come forth and seat themselves in doorways and balconies ; some carry rocking-chairs into the street ; and there, knitting, sewing, spinning wool, singing songs, or telling the sins of the absent, they pass the hours before dinner. These *tertulias* are made up of mistresses and maids, a beautiful equality seeming to exist among them, and white dresses of silk or gauze mix with print gowns of pink and blue. Most of these women show a fondness for decorating themselves with flowers—carnations at the throat, roses nestling in blue-black hair. Three or four domestics have Madras handkerchiefs twisted over their foreheads, and I can count as

many señoras who wear shawls of *crêpe de Chine* draped about their shoulders. The scene is very animated and charming, and recalls Venice by its brilliancy of color, which is never, in general effect, loud or commonplace. And yet the traveller who knows both will not liken the women of Seville to the women of Venice.

I sit in my window and join fervently in all the gossip going. (It is dusk now in my chamber, and I am not obliged to conceal myself.) One merry nimble spirit made me an accessory to the crime of slandering a jeweller's wife who dwelt somewhere in the calle O'Donnell. I did not know Mrs. Jeweller, and it was hardly possible that I should ever see her, but I drank in the evidence as it flowed from her accuser's ruby lips, and promptly judged her guilty. The crimination came in such liquid accents, accompanied by such ringings of silvery laughter, that the tale of Mrs. Jeweller and her swain remains a musical memory like Parasina. Of course it was not so sad or so bad; in fact, the jeweller's lady stood accused of nothing more serious than carrying on a flirtation of glances with the leader of the San Fernande orchestra, a pale handsome youth in the opposite balcony. But, *María Santísima!* she did her hair every day *a la Francesca*, stuck a rose in it and

placed herself directly under his eyes. Were there letters between them? *Quien sabe?* But it was the wrong way for the woman to go about keeping what is sworn, and, *por Dios*, there were still unmarried girls in Seville!

The O'Donnell is left to itself. There was a rustling of feminine garments, a scampering of feet, good-byes exchanged, as soon as the first grave and sober señor turned into the street. He is followed by others. Heavy footsteps fall, and dark forms, singly or in groups of two and three, pass my window. The narrow way closes up, the houses seeming to draw closer together, as if for companionship and protection against the dread of night. The sky is dark blue, almost black, but clear and apparently very far off. Lights gleam in patios. The pasteleria at the corner is a blaze of glory; the pawnbroker's windows throw out luring beams; and back, away back, in the depths behind the ogive window, shines a tiny point of light like a cigarette. Whence the all-powerful influence of mystery? As night solemnly falls in this quiet corner, I am filled with conjectures about this closed house that nevertheless is inhabited. A sickening thought comes. I put it away, but it returns. Is it possible that *she* is Mrs. Jeweller?

III.

ADMISSION into the *vie intime* of Seville did not immediately follow the installation at Mariana's. For a week longer we strolled the streets, like the tourists we were, and not like the citizens we wished to become. And for a week longer the waiter of the Café Suizo served our chocolate with the indifference he feels for all transients. But a brighter day was coming, and it dawned rosy clear when one of us remembered enough of his algebra to help the cadet who occupied the chamber behind ours, over the hedge of an equation. He used to lie in bed to keep warm, cloak and fatigue cap on, puzzling over x's and y's, and throwing dirt on the tomb of Algebar, who invented and gave his name to that branch of mathematics, which is the hate of all brave cadets. Out of gratitude the young soldier transformed himself into an invaluable cicerone, and it is but justice to say that our pleasantest adventures in Seville were due to him. He made Sevillian majos of us (so far as indifferent material permitted), and if we never learned the proper distance to follow behind a beauty in the paseo, if we never acquired the correct, stony, respectful, but burning stare, with

which to ogle her, it was not his fault, but our natural obtuseness. In other matters his coaching met with more success. We were quick to adopt the peremptory tone that transformed the surly *camerero* into a quick and docile servant. We comprehended the distinction between applause at the opera and applause at the *salon cantante*, and we learned a few soft musical phrases to express admiration, that passed current with almost all Spanish women. These were twice blessed, or at least they blessed us, for after we had said in effect to a lady, whom we encountered at a church portal, that the mother of such a divinity deserved the gratitude of all men, we were cheered by the thought that we were less alien than before.

Moreover, through walking often in company of the señorito, the cadet, we soon had a bowing acquaintance with many Sevillians, who drove every evening in *las Delicias*. This was a tantalizing privilege, to be sure, and we never ventured to exert it when we walked alone; yet it did us no harm to hope that acquaintance at sight would ripen eventually into something warmer. Meanwhile, we extended our list of male associates to include all our cadet's comrades, until we could pride ourselves that no other civilians had as many friends in the army. They made

pleasant companions, provided one lent an unwearied ear to the tales of love. Each of them had his Julita, his Martita, his Blanca, who was the diamond of girls. Naturally, old acquaintanceship took precedence, and so long as our friend, the cadet, cared to discourse of his inamorita — which was just as many hours as were not wasted at drill or in the algebra demonstration room — we accompanied him. We burned; we froze; we spoke tenderly or passionately; we reproached her, we scorned her, according to his mood. Perhaps I should say according to her mood, for the cadet's Martita was, in fact, a diamond of a girl, and very hard. Days, nay weeks, would go by, and she would respond to his letters, handed in hourly, not one line, not one word, nothing!

"Yet for thy sake, proud girl, I burn triple candles over that accursed algebra! If thou hadst not sung at the tertulia of thy aunt:

Ni en batella el buen guerrero,

I had not clothed myself in shackles!"

But next day, or as it sometimes happened, the same day he had given vent in reproaches like the above to his tortured spirit, he would have a different song to sing over our coffee. He had received a little note from her. Ah, yes, it lay here (tapping his heart), it lay

buried here; none but she and he would ever know what that sacred page contained. Señors, you apprehend? The treasured secret of love! Then he would take it out of his pocket and read it aloud, word for word. He would have been a dull swain, therefore, who, with our advantages, had not soon learned how to fall in love in Seville. An observing man will very quickly discard the trappings that Figaro has left for amatory inheritance. He will break or throw away his guitar, and instead of clinging to an iron *grille* during the rheumatic hours of night, he will buy himself a pair of tight boots with French heels, get "new legs and lame ones," and spring-halt it up and down the paseo until his fancy alights. Then the very next step he will take — not a halt one, let us hope — will be to inquire out her tertulia, and gain admittance to it. After that the course of true love in Spain runs in a channel parallel to that of other countries. To-day, in Seville, Figaro is a barber, pure and simple.

Most of the cadets and a few of the younger officers, frequented the pasteleria of Juan Pulin, that foreigners call the Café Suizo, and there, over chocolate and *pastas-secas*, or the famous little rolls of Alcala, we sat many long evenings that seem monotonous in retrospect. They were not so really, for each

of us exerted himself to talk louder and faster than the others, and our combined lungs blew up a wind of interest that sent the conversation craft dancing merrily between the ports of dinner and bed. What we talked about was of no consequence; it was the noise we made in talking. Everything else in these meetings was fictitious; our pleasure was make-believe, our excitement pretense; only the noise was genuine, and very characteristic. Though it is a proverb of Spanish officers that they spend the time off duty in sleep or play, I do not remember that I ever heard our friends call for the cards. They exhibited their proficiency by telling stories of exciting games, in which they had participated, and lost, or won prodigious sums.

When the clock struck eleven we were in the habit of separating, but on certain nights we left the pasteleria at that hour to enter on the real business of the evening. This began by constituting ourselves into a body of special police, charged with the extraordinary protection of the *corregidor*, the chief of the municipal administration. I do not know that he was in danger on these particular nights, or why, if our business respected his authority, we so carefully avoided the regular watchmen. These were points too fine for a

foreign understanding, but we comprehended at least, that the expedition was harmless. It was quite different with the majos born on the soil. They believed themselves beset with deadly perils, and their spirits rose in proportion as the pretence gathered reality from eyeless night. In and out of dark, little streets, avoiding the lamps at the corners, clustering and muttering in doorways, under porches and balconies, we stole from shade to shade like a band of Spanish Sioux. After an hour or two of this exciting chase after our own shadows, we would gravely march to the *Nueva*, whence the rest would accompany us, *hasta el rincón*, to the corner of our street, shake hands in turn and vanish.

At the inauguration of each midnight stroll we hoped it would develop an adventure, but it never did, and when we went home I laughed at my heart for having beat a little faster at the setting-forth. But laugh as I might when safe in bed, I never failed to dream of Pedro the Cruel, and his bloody rambles. One, in particular, haunted my pillow, for no better reason than that my own hand filled in the meagre outline furnished by the *Annals of Seville*. The compiler of that book gives in a few words the tradition to which a street of Seville, called Candilejo, owes its name. Walking there one night,

Pedro quarrelled with a man who was serenading beneath a window. They fought, and the king killed the amorous cavalier without witnesses, except an old woman, who stuck her head out of a window and lighted up the tragedy with a little lamp, *candilejo*, that she held in her hand.

This is treating carelessly a scene which promises so much. Indeed, it ought to run like this: It is night; the city sleeps. Enter Don Gomez (why conceal the name of a man who is soon to die?). He advances a few steps. "'Tis here; behold the house! She is behind that jalousie!"

With nervous steps Don Gomez crosses the street, places himself under the window, takes his guitar, and begins to sing a romance that deals with tears, sighs and all that follows. As the poetry is a little worse than usual, it is probably his own composition.

At the third or fourth *seguidilla* the blinds rustle gently, and a faint cough reaches Don Gomez. That tells him she is listening. Having attained his end, Don Gomez casts aside the guitar and enters into a low-voiced conversation with the unseen lady. Don Gomez is full of words. He knows by heart all the Moresque romances, of which the Andalusian tongue is so rich. He is eloquent and musical. The conversation proceeds like a song,

when suddenly there falls a note of discord. Yet to call it so is paradoxical, for the note comes from another guitar. The startled lovers see a man crossing the street, wrapped in a mantle. He twangs the opening chord.

"Oh, heaven!" cries the maiden. "It is your rival; it is Don Ruiz who is coming to serenade me. Fly, for the love you bear me, lest some misfortune happen to you."

"Fly? Never!" cries Don Gomez. "I should be unworthy of you if I could run away," and, raising his voice: "Cavalier!" he exclaimed to the man who continues to advance, "the place is taken and this lady does not appreciate your music. So, if it pleases you, seek your happiness elsewhere."

"Who dares advise me?" cries the new comer. "Rash youth, retire and yield the place!"

"I will not yield to any man," cries Don Gomez.

"Not even to —" mutters the other, without completing his sentence, except to drop his mantle and reveal his face.

Don Gomez recoils a pace; nevertheless, he repeats stoutly: "Not even to my king!"

Enough had been said, and the swords were out. The king was adroit, and besides he had in his left hand an iron shield, behind

which he sheltered his body, while Don Gomez had only his sword and mantle. He defended himself with grace, and tried all the expedients known to good swordsmen to force his opponent's guard. At one moment it seemed as if he would succeed in gliding his sword underneath the king's shield, but the heavy iron came down and dashed his weapon to the ground, while Pedro's sword penetrated his side with such force that the point broke after entering a hand's length. Don Gomez uttered a groan and fell bathed in his blood.

At that moment the watch was heard approaching. The king rose, threw aside the sword, picked up the guitar, and spurning his victim from the path with the words, "So perish all who cross my love!" he made off in the opposite direction.

And the lady? It is not certain there was any lady concerned; the *Annals of Seville* mention an old woman merely. It is curious to note that in my dreams it was always the old woman who came. At first I paid her no particular attention, for, when the dream began haunting, I took an active part, alternately playing the bloody Pedro and the ill-starred lover. But as time went on and our nocturnal strolls remained nocturnal strolls and nothing more, I grew less and less able

to play a leading rôle, and since it seemed equally impossible to retire from the stage altogether, the night finally fell when I acted the old woman holding up the little lamp.

IV.

BUT Pedro is not the glory of Seville. Not even a city which has no military history would exalt a coward to this place, and the large class of Sevillians—and other people—that can respect a man who offsets turpitude with audacity, turn from Don Pedro to Don Juan when they crown the hero of Seville. But lived there ever a man who deserved to be called Don Juan, with all that name now implies?

Or is Don Juan a myth? Call him so if you wish to throw dirt on the city of Seville, but do it from the plain outside her walls, for if you once go within, you will remain to believe. The people can show you the monuments of not one merely, but two Don Juans. They can point out the houses where they lived and where they died; they can carry you to the graves of both. How can you scoff after that?

Seville has two Juans in her legends, because it is impossible to fit them all to one

man. Rejecting the grossest anachronisms, one has left a vast quantity of material out of which to construct two such superior beings; Don Juan Tenorio and Don Juan de Mañara. The common people regard them as one person, but the guides, in the interest of trade, preserve a distinction. They show you the house of Tenorio, now the property of the nuns of San Leandro, and they cause you to read in la Caridad the ostentatiously humble inscription on the tomb of Mañara: "Here are the ashes of the wickedest man in the world."

The guides then cease to make fine distinctions; and relate stories which may belong to one or the other—you may take your choice—of how Don Juan made strange propositions to La Giralda, the bronze statue that surmounts the Moresque tower of the Cathedral, and how La Giralda accepted them; how Don Juan, walking warm with wine, on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, demanded a light of a man smoking a cigar on the right bank; how the smoker, who was no other than the devil in person, extended his arm farther and farther, until it stretched across the river, and presented his weed to Don Juan, and how that *mauvais sujet*, after lighting his own cigar, returned His Majesty's, with a careless "Thank you," and passed on.

Many tales are related of the childhood and youth of Don Juan de Mañara (these M. de Latour has agreeably collated), while of Tenorio, at a tender age, whom it is easy to suspect for that reason, of being a common plagiarist, legend is dumb.

The charm of these stories consists in their fidelity to nature and to the epoch. They form a solid foundation capable of supporting a complicated structure in the style of the Arabesque. Out of them the genius of Prosper Mérimée constructed his famous story, which is condensed in the following narrative:

Don Juan, so called, although he had been christened Manuel, was born at Seville, about the year 1622. This makes him by four years the junior of Murillo, whom he afterwards employed to embellish his chapel of repentance. He was the son who arrived late to delight the heart of a hero of the Moorish wars, Don Carlos de Mañara.

Spoiled by father and mother, as became the sole heir of a famous name and a great fortune, Don Juan, from infancy, was absolute master of his own actions. In his father's palace no one had the hardihood to correct him. The parents, indeed, took some pains to educate him, but their methods were conflicting.

The mother wished her son to be devout, like herself, and by caressing him and stuffing him with sweets, she persuaded the child to learn litanies, rosaries, and, in fact, all the obligatory and non-obligatory prayers. On his part, the father taught Don Juan the romances of the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio; related to him the revolt of the Moors and encouraged him to exercise himself all day hurling the javeline, firing the cross-bow, or even the arquebus at a mannikin dressed like a Moor, which he had set up in his garden.

The same diversity appeared in the furnishing each gave Don Juan when at his eighteenth year they sent him to school, at Salamanca. His mother gave him chaplets, scapularies and blessed medals. Don Carlos gave him a sword with a hilt damaskeened in silver and engraved with the arms of his family. The event proved the superior usefulness of his father's gift. Salamanca at that period resembled, it should seem, a camp full of swaggering soldiers, rather than a peaceful university, presided over by learned priests. As for the unhappy city which gave its name to the institution, it was absolutely dominated by the insolent and undisciplined students. By day they ran from shop to shop, seizing whatever took

their fancy and making a promise to pay which was rarely kept, and by night their serenades, charivaries, abductions, robberies and duels prevented the citizens from sleeping, except in cat-naps.

At first it seemed likely that his mother's teaching would influence Don Juan. Upon arriving at Salamanca, he went to all the churches, and asked the guardians to show him the sacred relics.

Unfortunately for religion, it was in one of the holy edifices that he met the leader of the wild set who ruled the city.

The name of the student was Don Garcia Navarro, with the qualification "of the short patience and the long sword." An edifying figure was Don Garcia when Juan first saw him. He was kneeling before a chapel, in the midst of a circle of the faithful. Don Juan had made his prayer, and about to rise from his knees, when he perceived that his neighbor, a handsome, well made youth, who had been there when he came, still appeared to be plunged in a devout ecstasy. A little ashamed of having ended so soon, Don Juan began to recite as many litanies as he could remember. His mother had taken care that they should be numerous, and Don Juan occupied considerable time in dispatching them. But his pious neighbor had not budged.

Weary of emulating this endless orison, the young Count was preparing to move off, when the devout caught him by the cloak, and whispered, with his eyes still cast down, "Señor student, you are a new comer amongst us, but your name is well known to me. Our fathers once were good friends, and, if you permit, their sons will not be less."

A few words sufficed to introduce the young men to each other. Don Juan was fascinated by the other's politeness, and felt all the more drawn to Don Garcia when that young gentleman, without wasting time, directed him to look towards three women who knelt apart on a strip of Turkey carpet. One of them, gray haired and wrinkled, could be no other than a duenna. The other two were young and pretty, and did not keep their gaze so low on their beads that Juan could not see how black their eyes were, how soft and yet how lively.

"Do you see the señorita, with a chaplet of yellow amber?" muttered Don Garcia, as if still at his prayers.

"That is Dona Teresa de Ojeda; the other is her elder sister, Dona Fausta. They are the daughters of an auditor of the Council of Castile. I am making up to the elder; do you try your luck with Teresa.

Come," he added, "they are rising and going out of church. Let us hasten in order to see them mount into the carriage. Perhaps the wind may raise their basquinas and show us a pretty leg or two."

Such was Don Juan's meeting with Don Garcia and with Teresa, both of whom were intimately connected with the succeeding events of his life. Don Garcia found Juan an apt pupil, and the two young men, after a month's serenading under the window of their mistresses, succeeded in obtaining a rendezvous on the banks of the river Tormes. Dona Teresa took Don Juan's hand and Dona Fausta that of Garcia. As long as the sisters could remain, the two couples promenaded and then separated with the promise not to let escape a single opportunity of seeing each other. And they kept their word so well that before Don Juan had sojourned three months at Salamanca poor Teresa had given him indubitable proofs of love. Don Garcia had the same gift from her sister.

At first Don Juan loved his mistress with the feverish passion of a youth for the first woman who gives herself to him, but Don Garcia demonstrated that constancy was a common-place virtue, and at last the two students agreed so well on this point that

one evening they sat down to play, having their mistresses for the stakes. Garcia wagered Dona Fausta; Teresa was Juan's wager. Don Juan won.

Accordingly he ordered Don Garcia to draw a note of hand on Dona Fausta, enjoining her to put herself at the bearer's disposition, exactly as he might have ordered his banker to pay a hundred ducats to one of his creditors. This order Juan presented to Dona Fausta the same night, not without trepidation. She read it quickly, and at first did not comprehend what it meant. She read it again, and could not believe her eyes. Don Juan watched her closely. Fausta wiped her forehead, rubbed her eyes; her lips trembled, a mortal pallor spread over her visage, and she was obliged to clutch the paper with both hands to keep from dropping it. Finally, commanding herself by a desperate effort, she cried:

"All this is false! It is a horrible lie! Don Garcia never wrote it!"

Don Juan replied:

"You know his writing. He does not appreciate the treasure he possesses, but I—I accepted, because I adore you."

She threw him a glance of profound contempt and reperused the paper. From time to time a great tear escaped and glided, un-

noticed, down her cheek. Then she smiled wildly and exclaimed:

"It is a jest; is it not? Don Garcia is outside; he is going to come in?"

"It is no jest, Dona Fausta, I swear by the love I bear you. I shall be very unhappy if you will not believe me."

"Teresa—my sister!" gasped Fausta.

"I never loved her." Don Juan replied.

"Wretch!" she cried "if what you tell me is true, you are a greater villain than Don Garcia."

"Love pardons all, beautiful Faustita. Don Garcia abandons you; he is your false Theus; let me be your Bacchus."

Without a word she seized a knife from the table and advanced menacing Don Juan. He had seen the movement, caught her hand and disarmed her. Fausta had recourse to screams. She filled the house with her cries.

Don Juan now thought but of escape. He tried to gain the door, but Fausta interposed. She was bent on punishing him. And now alarming noises began to be heard; slamming doors, rushing feet and voices of men. Don Juan had not an instant to loose. He made an effort to hurl Dona Fausta far from him, but she had seized his arm with a grasp impossible to shake off. She redoubled her cries. At that instant the door was thrown open and

a man holding an arquebus appeared on the threshold. He uttered an imprecation and fired. The lamp went out and Don Juan felt Fausta's grasp relax while something warm and liquid bathed his hands. Fausta fell or rather glided to the floor. Don Alonzo had killed his daughter instead of her ravisher.

Under cover of the smoke from the arquebus Don Juan leaped towards the staircase. In the hall he received a blow from the father's weapon and a sword cut from a lackey. Neither injured him much. Sword in hand he sought to extinguish the flambeau the lackey carried and cut a passage out. The servant rapidly gave way; not so Alonzo de Ojeda, a man ardent and intrepid in spite of his years. He precipitated himself on Don Juan and thrust at him with his sword. Don Juan parried several strokes and no doubt he sought only to defend himself, but his skill was great, and soon Fausta's father heaved a great sigh and fell mortally wounded. Don Juan darted down the staircase and into the street without being pursued by the domestics, who had gathered round their expiring master. But he did not escape without being recognized by Teresa. Roused by the noise of the arquebus, she had arrived in time to witness the duel between Don Juan and Don Alonzo, and she had fallen senseless beside her father's

body. The wretched girl knew but the half of her unhappiness.

Don Juan was justified in thinking there was nothing to detain him longer in Salamanca. He determined to abandon Minerva for Mars. "To Flanders!" he cried; "to the wars in Flanders! I will go to kill heretics. In that way and quickly I shall bury my peccadilloes." He promptly put off his student habit never to be resumed. In its stead he put on an embroidered leather vest such as was worn at that time by the soldiers, a great splash hat, and he did not forget to line his belt with as many doubloons as he could borrow. Then he took the road on foot, left the city without being recognized and marched all night and all the following morning, till the heat of the sun obliged him to give over.

At the first village he bought a horse and joining a caravan of merchants, he safely reached Saragossa. Here he rested only long enough to pay his devotions to Our Lady of the Pillar, to ogle the Arragonese beauties and provide himself with a domestic. Then he made his way to Barcelona, where he embarked for Civita Vecchia. Fatigue, sea-sickness, new faces and the natural lightness of Juan's mind, all united to make him forget the horrible scene he had left behind. In

enjoying the pleasures of Italy, he neglected for some months the principal end of his voyage, but funds commenced to fail him, and he joined a party of compatriots, brave and light of purse like himself, and they took the route for Germany.

Arrived at Brussels Don Juan entered the company of an Andalusian captain, who, charmed with his graceful air, treated him well and according to his taste, that is to say, he employed him on all perilous occasions. Fortune favored Don Juan, and on the day he won an ensign, he avowed his true name and recommenced his former life. He passed his days drinking and his nights serenading the prettiest women of Brussels. He had received pardon from his parents and letters of credit on some bankers of Antwerp. He put the latter to good use. Young, rich, brave and handsome, his conquests were numerous and rapid. Nothing would be gained by recounting them in detail; it should suffice the reader to know that when he saw a pretty woman all means to obtain her seemed good in the eyes of Don Juan. Promises, oaths and vows were the jests of this unworthy libertine, and if brother or husband called him to account for his conduct, he had wherewithal to respond to them—a good sword and a pitiless heart. After a single campaign his compan-

ions were wont to refer to Don Juan as the youngster "who had put more men to death and more women to worse than death, than two Cordeliers or two bravos of Valence."

In the midst of this debauchery the news came that his mother and father were dead. His seniors advised him to return to Spain and take possession of his majority and the vast wealth he had inherited. This advice accorded with Don Juan's own wish. Long since he had obtained grace for the murder of Teresa's father, Don Alonzo de Ojeda, and he regarded that affair as entirely forgotten. Above all, he had a strong desire to exercise his peculiar talents on a larger theatre. He rolled on his mind the delights of Seville, and the numerous fair women who were only waiting his return, doubtless, to abandon discretion. So doffing the cuirass, he set out for Spain. At Madrid he broke his journey, had himself remarked at a bull-fight for the extraordinary richness of his costume and made some conquests, but he did not remain long there. He hurried on to Seville, where he had no sooner arrived than he astonished little and great by his ostentation and magnificence.

Every day he gave a feast to which he invited the most beautiful ladies of Andalusia. Each day saw new pleasures, new extravagances, new orgies organized in his family palace.

He became king of a crowd of libertines who obeyed him with a docility like that often found in the associations of criminals. There was no debauch in which Don Juan feared to plunge, and as a vicious rich man cannot be dangerous to himself alone, his example perverted the Andalusian youth who took him for their model. An illness which kept Don Juan in bed for a few days failed to inspire him with repentance. He merely commanded his doctor to restore him to health for the avowed purpose of running into new excesses.

During his convalescence, Don Juan amused himself by drawing up a list of all the women he had conquered and all the husbands he had deceived. He divided the list methodically into two columns. In one he wrote the names of the women and their summary; in the other the names of the husbands and their professions. He had much trouble to remember the names of his victims and he regretted that the catalogue was far from being perfect. One day Juan showed this list to a friend who was visiting him; and as in Italy he had enjoyed the favor of a woman who boasted of being the mistress of a pope, the list commenced with her name, while that of the pope headed the column of husbands. Then came a reigning prince, then dukes, marquises and so on down even to artisans.

"Nobody has escaped me!" cried Don Juan; "from a pope to a shoemaker. Not one class of society but has furnished its quota."

His friend examined the catalogue and returned it, saying in a triumphant tone:

"It is not complete!"

"How! Not complete? Who is wanting in my list of husbands?"

"God," said the other.

"God? It is true, there is no nun here. I thank you for showing me where it lacked. Ah, well! I swear to you on my honor as a gentleman—in what convent of Seville are there pretty nuns?"

A few days later Don Juan was in the country. He began to frequent the convents in the vicinity of Seville. Kneeling very close to the lattice which separated the brides of the Savior from the rest of the faithful, he threw ferocious glances on the timid virgins, like a wolf in a sheep-fold who seeks for the plumpest lamb to devour it first. He soon remarked, in the church of Our Lady of the Rosary, a young nun of ravishing beauty, which was rendered more noticeable by an air of melancholy like a thin veil drawn over every feature. She never raised her eyes nor turned them to the left or right. She seemed entirely absorbed in the divine mystery

celebrated before her. Her lips moved quickly and it was easy to see that she prayed with more fervor and unction than her companions. The sight of her recalled to Don Juan old memories. It seemed to him he had seen this woman somewhere, but it was impossible to recall time or place. So many portraits were engraved more or less deeply on his memory that confusion was a necessity.

Day after day he returned to the church and took the same place near the lattice without succeeding in making Sister Agatha raise her eyes. This he had learned was the young nun's spiritual name. But the difficulty of triumphing over a person so well guarded by her position and by her modesty, only served to inflame the desires of Don Juan. His vanity persuaded him that if he could find a way to draw Sister Agatha's eyes upon him, the victory would be half gained. This is the expedient by which he attracted her attention. One day he placed himself as near her as possible, and, profiting by the moment of the elevation of the Host when every body was prostrate, he passed his hand between the bars of the lattice and emptied before Sister Agatha the contents of a vial of perfume. The penetrating odor which suddenly enveloped her constrained the young nun to raise her head. As Don Juan had placed him-

self directly in front of her she could not fail to see him. At first a wild astonishment pictured itself on her features; then she grew deathly pale; she uttered a feeble cry and fell fainting on the flags. Her companions pressed around her and bore her to her cell. Don Juan, retiring very much pleased with himself, thought: "This nun is truly charming, but the oftener I see her, the more I am convinced that she already figures in my catalogue."

Next day at church, a note was handed to him. It read: "Is it you, Don Juan? Is it true that you have not forgotten me? I have been very unhappy, but I was growing reconciled to my fate. I am going to be an hundred times more unhappy now. I ought to hate you, you who spilled the blood of my father, but I cannot hate you or forget you. Have pity on me. Come no more to this church; you do me too much harm. Adieu, adieu, I am dead to the world. Teresa."

"Ah! it is Teresita?" exclaimed Don Juan when he had read it. "I knew I had seen her somewhere."

Whoever has read so far in this edifying history knows its hero too well to imagine that he obeyed Teresa's piteous prayer and refrained from his pursuit. He went the next day and the next, and so often to the

church that Teresa's last feeble resistance of the man she had ever tenderly loved was broken down. At the end of some days she had no more force left to struggle. She announced to Don Juan that she was ready for all, and, at the height of joy he prepared for her escape. He chose a moonless night. He smuggled into Teresa's cell a silken ladder with which to scale the walls of the convent. A package containing a street costume was hidden in a corner of the convent garden. Don Juan himself was to wait for her at the foot of the wall. At some distance a litter drawn by vigorous mules would be in readiness to carry Teresa rapidly to his country house. Don Juan neglected nothing that could insure the success of the abduction.

The chosen night came. Don Juan gave the necessary orders to his domestics for Teresa's reception, and set out alone and on foot for Seville in the great heat of the day, so that he would not arrive there before nightfall. In fact, it was black night when he passed near the Torre del Oro, where a servant awaited him. He asked if the litter and mules were at their place. All was ready. His instructions had been followed to the letter. There only remained an hour to elapse before giving the signal agreed upon with Teresa. Don Juan covered himself with

a great brown mantle, and keeping his face concealed so as not to be recognized, he entered Seville by the gate of Triana.

Heat and fatigue forced him to sit down in a deserted street. There he began to hum the airs that came into his head. From time to time he consulted his watch, and saw with chagrin that the hands advanced slower than his impatience.

Suddenly a solemn and lugubrious music struck upon his ear. He recognized the chant that the church had consecrated to burials. Soon a procession turned the corner of the street and came towards him. It advanced slowly and gravely. No footfall sounded on the pavement, and it seemed to Don Juan that each figure glided rather than walked. At this spectacle Don Juan experienced, at first, that species of disgust the idea of death inspires in an epicurean. He rose and was about to withdraw, but the great number of penitents and the pomp of the cortege surprised him and piqued his curiosity. As the procession was entering the door of a neighboring church Don Juan caught one of the persons who carried the candles by the arm and asked him politely whom they were burying. The penitent lifted his head; his face was pale and haggard like that of a man but just risen from a sick

bed. He replied in a sepulchral voice: "It is the Count Don Juan de Mañara."

When Juan heard his own name pronounced, he felt the hair starting on his head. But the instant after he recovered his mocking smile, and followed the procession into the church. The funeral chant re-commenced, accompanied by the roll of the organ, and the priests began to intone the *de profundis*. Despite his efforts to appear calm, Don Juan felt his blood congealing. He approached another penitent and demanded:

"Who is the dead man whom they are burying?"

"The Count Don Juan de Mañara," replied the penitent, in a voice hoarse and ominous. Don Juan seized a pillar to keep from falling. Finally he made a grand effort, and caught the hand of a priest who passed near him. This hand was cold like marble.

"In the name of Heaven, my father," cried he, "who are you, and for whom are you praying?"

"We pray for the soul of Count Don Juan de Mañara," responded the priest, fixing him with a dolorous look.

At this moment the church clock sounded. It was the hour fixed for Teresa's abduction.

"The name, the name again!" gasped Don Juan. The priest replied still more sadly:

"The Count Don Juan de Mañara."

"Jesu!" cried Don Juan, and fell senseless on the pavement.

Night was far advanced when the watch passing perceived the body of a man stretched across the portal of the church. The archers lifted him up, supposing it was the corpse of an assassinated man.

They soon recognized the Count de Mañara, and they threw cold water in his face and sought to re-animate him, but seeing that he did not recover, they bore him to his house. Some said he was drunk, others that he had received a jealous husband's blows. No one, or, at least, no honest man in Seville loved him, and each person had his say. Don Juan's servants received their master from the hands of the archers and ran to fetch a surgeon. They bled him abundantly, and presently he came to himself. At first, however, he only uttered words without meaning, inarticulate cries, sobs and groans. Little by little he began to consider attentively all the objects about him. He asked where he was and how he came there. Then, having drank a cordial, he made them fetch him a crucifix and he kissed it for a long time and bathed it in a torrent of tears. Next he begged them to bring him a confessor.

Don Juan had been frightened almost to

death. But he did not die. A few paragraphs farther on you will see that he made, some years after having attended his own funeral, a gratifying and exemplary end. Indeed, his conversion began with the arrival of the confessor, at whose feet Don Juan threw himself, related the vision of the night before and offered confession. The Dominican exhorted him to persevere in his repentance and administered the consolation religion does not refuse to the greatest criminal. He promised to return in the evening and retired.

When the father returned Don Juan announced that he had formed a resolution to retire from a world where he had given rise to so much scandal (Don Juan's own words) and he had determined to exit in a thorough-going manner consistent with his rapid pace in wicked courses. To accomplish this he gave half of his fortune to his relatives, who were not rich; another part he consecrated to building a chapel and to found a hospital, while he distributed the remainder among the poor.

Before entering the convent he had chosen for his retreat, Juan wrote to Teresa. In this letter he disclosed his shameful purpose, recounted his life and conversion, and demanded her pardon. Last he entreated her

to follow his example and save her soul by repentance. This letter he confided to the Dominican after having read it to him. When Teresa read it she cried: "He never loved me!" A burning fever raged in the unhappy girl's veins, inflamed by the anxiety she felt at Don Juan's failure to release her from the convent or to explain the reason of his absence. In vain the succors of medicine and religion were offered her; she repulsed the one and appeared insensible to the other. She died after some days which she had spent in delirium, exclaiming constantly: "He never loved me!"

And now behold two years later Don Juan, or brother Ambrose, tonsured and garbed in black. Behold also, his life which was an uninterrupted exercise of piety and mortification. The recollection of his sins (so averse the devout Sevillians) was always present with him, but his remorse was tempered by the quietude of an approving conscience. One day, at noon-tide, when the heat makes itself felt most oppressively, all the brothers of the convent were reposing according to custom. Brother Ambrose alone worked in the garden, bare-headed in the sun, one of his self-imposed penances. Absorbed in his task he scarcely perceived the shadow of a man which fell across him. He thought it was one of the monks who had descended into the garden,

and without looking up he saluted him with "Ave Maria." There was no response. Surprised at this motionless shadow, he raised his eyes and saw before him a tall young man, his form covered by a mantle which fell to the earth, and his face half hidden beneath the white and black plumes of his hat. This man contemplated brother Ambrose in silence, with an expression made up of malignant joy and profound contempt. For some moments they looked into each others' eyes. Then the stranger, advancing a step and throwing back his hat to show his features, said:

"Do you recognize me?"

The monk gave a negative sign. The stranger pursued coldly. "I have a name as well as you, Don Juan, and a better memory. My name is Don Pedro de Ojeda; I am the son of Don Alonzo de Ojeda, whom you murdered. I am the brother of Dona Fausta de Ojeda, whom you murdered. I am the brother of Dona Teresa de Ojeda, whom you murdered."

Don Juan trembled. "My brother," said he, gently, "I am a wretch covered with crimes. To expiate them I have renounced the world, and donned this habit. If there is any way to obtain your pardon indicate it. The rudest penance will not frighten me, if thereby I can avert your curse."

Don Pedro smiled drily.

"Give over hypocrisy, Señor de Mañara; I do not pardon. My curse is yours already, but my patience is too short to await its effect. I bear on me something more efficacious than curses."

With these words he threw his mantle open, disclosing two long rapiers. He drew the foils and planted both in the earth.

"Choose, Don Juan," said he. "They say you are expert. Let us see what you can do."

Don Juan made the sign of the cross and answered: "My brother, you forget the vows I have taken. I am no longer the Don Juan you knew; I am brother Ambrozo."

"Brother Ambrozo, if you will. You are my enemy, and, under any name, you owe me vengeance."

Speaking thus, he pushed the priest rudely against the wall.

"Señor Pedro de Ojeda!" cried Don Juan, "kill me, if you will; I shall not fight." He folded his arms and regarded Don Pedro with a calm but intrepid air.

"Yes; I will kill you, assassin, but first I shall treat you like the coward you are." He gave him a buffet, the first Don Juan had ever received. Don Juan's face flamed to a purple red. The rage and fury of his youth

rekindled in his soul. Without a word, he threw himself on one of the swords. Don Pedro took the other and stood on guard. Both attacked with the same fury and the same impetuosity. Don Pedro's sword lost itself in the woolen robe of Don Juan, and failed to find his body, while that of the monk forced itself up to the hilt in the breast of his adversary. Don Pedro fell bleeding to the ground.

For a long time Don Juan stood gazing with a stupefied air at his enemy extended at his feet. As he came to himself, he recognized the enormity of this new crime. He fell on the corpse and sought to recall it to life. But Don Juan had seen too many wounds to doubt for a moment that this was mortal. The dripping sword lay near and offered a way of escape. Fleeing this temptation of Satan, he ran to the Superior, and bursting into a torrent of tears, related to him the terrible scene just passed. The Superior was a man noted for presence of mind. He comprehended at once what scandal would reflect on the convent if this adventure were made public. Nobody had seen the duel, and by acting promptly he might keep it even from the members of the brotherhood. Aided by Don Juan, he transported the corpse into an underground hall,

of which he took the key. Then the Superior ordered brother Ambrozo into his cell, and went and consulted with the Corregidor of Seville. The story was given out that the dead man had fought a duel with an unknown cavalier, and had staggered into the convent to die.

So ends the last story of Don Juan that deals with fire and sword. The remainder of his life flowed on like a calm stream between banks covered with the sad flowers of melancholy and repentance.

Never again did it overflow its banks, swelled by a return of the freshet of youth. For ten years longer Don Juan lived in the cloister, and he died venerated as a saint even by those who had suffered from his early errors. On his death-bed he begged, as a last favor, that they would bury him beneath the threshold of the church, that all who entered might soil him with their feet. He also wished them to engrave this inscription on his tomb: *Cenizas del pcor hombre que ha habido en el Mundo*. But the executors of his wishes judged too tenderly to carry out in full the dispositions dictated by his excessive humility. They buried him in the capillo mayor of the chapel he had founded. They consented to engrave on the stone which covered his mortal tenement the

epitaph he had composed, but they softened this also, by adding a recital of the facts of his miraculous conversion.

V.

IN the prize ring of my mind Honesty and Banter have been fighting out a round. It is over. Honesty is under the rope, and as a result, a countryman in authority at Seville, during our sojourn there, is compelled to sit for his portrait. With the best intentions, I cannot keep him out of these pages. He is my King Charles' head, and, withal, a figure so queer, antic and laughable, that I may write of him without travesty, easing my conscience by doubting, if, as an original oddity, he is his own property.

Some trifle that I have forgotten took us to call on this official the day after we arrived, a trifle that seemed imperative, when we were told that his office lay close by, in a hotel across the square. We went over, and were shown into a small room on the ground floor, which contained the air of liberty. As the windows looked out on the sunny Plaza Nuova, the air of liberty was very hot and close.

We waited here a half hour, when the official opened the door and paused on the threshold to throw us a searching glance before entering. In turn we examined him. His figure was tall and thin; his complexion purple and mottled; his hair and beard sandy gray; in fine, at the moment of entrance he looked more like a spruce Castilian than a fellow citizen; so much so that we began making mental grasps at Spanish words of salutation. But the next moment we saw that this was only an imitation Spaniard; the spruce, stiff manner sat uneasily upon him, his walk was a combination of shuffle and strut—an inferior copy of the dignified Spanish stride. He seemed to feel that the performance was a caricature, for he stopped half way, gave a little "hem!" and then came forward, fastening with nervous fingers the hooks into the eyes of the imaginary consular garment. It would be difficult to imitate the magnificence he threw into the greeting. "Take seats," he said, but his tone meant "kneel."

When he spoke again it was with a new voice, a querulous, nasal "down East" voice, but with the English inflection—a marvelous combination which must be heard to be appreciated. This whimsical voice was peculiarly adapted for complaints about Spanish

hotels, Spanish servants, and Spanish life in general. I supposed it was the little difficulty we had brought to his notice which set him off, but I soon learned that condemnation of everything Spanish was a favorite course with him. A little later he took on the patronizing speech of an old traveler, and later still he resumed the Spanish grandiloquence which was so foreign to his tongue. We were puzzled to decide which were his natural accents, and yet he was the same old man through them all. Whether he spoke like a Castilian or a cockney, or an Eastern Yankee, amid all the foreign accents and mispronunciations that he had raked together from every country of Europe to poison his mother tongue, he remained a quaint, pathetic person, hungry for honor, anxious to be liked, a lonely, homesick old man, who offended the Sevillians and bored his compatriots.

When he was not talking it was easy to place the old gentleman. One had seen him scores of times sitting in the village grocery store, with his boots on the stove, nibbling a section of dried apple, and discussing district politics. Sometimes, even while talking, he forgot for a moment that he was obliged to sustain the dignity of a whole nation, and relapsed into a simple citizen whose own

concerns interested him more than international polity. Then, listening to his conversation, we knew that we had met him in Glastonbury or Bangor. But he never fairly started to speak of himself before he caught up the purple, and wrapped it about him in a shamefaced fashion. At such times it was comical to read in his eyes the distress he felt at having shown himself unmasked.

He was one of the horde of expatriated Americans, unable or unwilling to return home, who roam over the continent of Europe in search of the culture that most commonly but succeeds in reducing them to the standard of European commonplace. It had the contrary effect on our friend, by submerging him in a friendless situation which entirely washed away the commonplace. He was so isolated and felt so sharply the pangs of loneliness that he became poetical. To me he will ever stand for the image of Exile.

Of his history we learned only what a few bitter words pieced out with conjecture could tell, to the effect that in America—at home!—he had children who consented to eke out his little income so long as he remained abroad. This is not enough, or it is too much to hang a romance on, according to one's school—but his present environment was pathetically friendless. He could not speak the language,

and the efforts to learn it and so placate the Spanish merchants, with whom he had to deal in his official capacity, always rubbed them the wrong way. His assumption of the Spanish gravity—since it was a caricature—insulted the natives. In the truest sense, he was like a clerk who is without capacity to perform his duty and please his master, yet is not honest or brave enough to cast out the bit of salary and wander careless on the common of poverty. The old man's address, extremely haughty to tourists, approached cringing toward petty Spanish shipping clerks, behind whom lay the complaisance of his own children.

His manner had turns of great simplicity; we saw him constantly while we remained at Seville, and learned all shades of it. He delighted to map out for us routes of travel, and I am glad to remember we never refused the notes of introduction (addressed to people who had time to die or forget him) or sundry information he took such a childish pleasure to impart. Five years before we met him he had made a tour on foot along the Italian coast from Castellamare to Genoa, and he directed us to a shop in every city on the way, where he urged us to make a special purchase and *mention his name as the American gentleman who walked!*

And how fond he was of dress! He could not accept the fact that he was old and no longer quite the glass—if he had ever been—fashion would choose wherein to view herself. As soon as he heard that his American friends had lately come from Paris he put them through a catechism of the modes such as a young *majo* of Seville might have drawn up. Texture, color and cut were his topics, and in discoursing of them he felt the cloth, held it to the light and snipped it with the scissors in a way that denoted understanding, though at second-hand, for our country's representative really dressed himself in by-gone fashions. It was hard not to laugh when he presented his ancient person touched up with an extra toilet, but to laugh when he was so serious would have been cruel. He invariably replied to our compliments: "Oh, these things are a trifle passé." (We could have wagered that an American tailor stitched them together twenty years before.) "I think of taking a run to Paris to spruce up a bit."

Waking up one Sunday morning, my emotions were inexpressible to perceive our friend in my room preening himself before the glass. He had bought a round gray felt hat of the easy style beloved by travellers, and was now trying its effect in different positions on his head. First, he cocked it

over the right ear; second, over the left, and then rolled it back off the forehead to expose a fringe of sandy-gray hair. When he discovered that I was watching him he was not a whit abashed, but promptly challenged me to admire the ridiculous hat as jaunty and becoming.

This incident implies that he spent as much time in our company as he could manage and we could not avoid. How many letters has he interrupted! How many delightful morning naps has he ruthlessly broken! But I forgive him, and if I remembered the number would set it down without malice. Wherever he may be, whether he is in the world or gone to that bourne

Where books of travel are not bought,
And only novels sell,

may he have found congenial spirits who delight in listening to tiresome old stories and in trying on fictive new clothes.

One evening the old gentleman came to persuade us to appear in evening dress at a reception he was to give to the American minister, who had come down to spend Sunday in Seville. We excused ourselves on the plea that we were strangers to the minister, who had probably come to see Seville, not us. Our friend would not take no for an answer, but continued to urge us with such

a hurt look that at last we consented, and he bustled out with all his cheerful excitement high once more. As it turned out, we would not have missed forming part of the odd little party, a small American colony of five people, whom he led into the minister's sitting room at the Fonda de Madrid, and introduced with a voice full of emotion. There was an uncle and his nephew who claimed the birthright of Freedom, though they had lived at Seville for many years. The uncle was a stout, florid man of middle age, who did not speak during the evening, but wore an intense look, as if he had just done crying: "Hear! Hear!" to a fervid sentence like "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." I learned afterwards that he lacked even enough English for the purpose of applause. He had entirely forgotten his mother tongue—a fact that surprised us less when we heard that he had emigrated from Massachusetts to Andalusia in his second year. The younger man, who had been sent back to be educated in a school near Boston, was a happier guest, but even he was not quite up in the President's English. He spoke it in a charming original fashion, which was vastly more amusing than any foreigner's broken attempt. Having forgotten one-quarter of his vocabulary, he coined words with-

out hesitation, and gave to his inventions a strong Boston accent. But for him the audience would have gone off stiffly. The lesser diplomat took the event of his career in office too seriously, and the honorable minister no doubt felt the reception of five strangers without a pretext of business or pleasure to be an irksome duty. But the national ceremony of shaking hands had hardly been gone through with before the young American-Spaniard threw a few happy remarks into the pause which followed. He stated that he had once travelled to Madrid, where he had the honor to be presented to Señor Castelar, "who is not taller than you are in standing up, but I fancy taller in brain."

The agony of his sponsor at this ill-timed tribute to the Spanish orator was painful to witness, but it did not endure long. The consular agent at once began to talk, and in that delicious exercise he forgot his *protégés*. They amused themselves by watching his face and predicting, before he opened his mouth, whether he would describe Paris fashions, or tramp over again that famous walking tour in Italy, or deliver a tirade against the haughty Spaniards—his three inexhaustible topics we had learned to anticipate. This time he disappointed us. As the reception was an extraordinary occasion, it

called for new matter, like the mission school he had established in Triana. He spoke of that school, related three times over the history of its inauguration, and invited the minister to attend on the following day.

We went away in single file, as we had arrived, and in the same order, except that the old gentleman brought up the rear. Before the procession reached the hotel court, he overtook the foremost man, and insisted on shaking hands all around. To each of us, as he said good-night, he repeated emphatically, "It went off very well. Thank you, thank you! It went off remarkably well."

No one could resist the contagion of his enthusiasm, and as we left him still smiling and bowing, every man was convinced that the reception—owing, of course, to his own attendance—had gone off very well, indeed.

VI.

IT was still early, so when the young American-Spaniard invited us to accompany him to the house of some friends who were giving a *musical*, we eagerly fell in with the proposal. He took the lead, and we walked through the black streets, here and there aglow with light

streaming through an illuminated patio. Before one of these bright spots he stopped and rang the bell. The gate swung back, and the master of the house came in person, and met us midway in the patio. He was a typical Spaniard of the middle class, but offered us hospitality like a grand seigneur. The house was unlike the majority of Seville houses in that the patio was not bounded by porticos, but narrowed from the walls directly into a small passageway that led to the parlors situated on the ground floor. These were two large rooms thrown into one, scantily furnished except as to rocking chairs. In the rear room a table was spread with cakes and sweetmeats, and in the front parlor overlooking the street, stood a piano. The señor presented us to his wife—a delicate, sweet-faced woman—who was sitting in the connecting doorway in the midst of her friends, and then he carried us into the other room, where most of the men sat about, the elders at small card tables, and the younger men tilted against the wall and staring across a broad river of tobacco smoke—the Hellespont that separated them from their Heros. We were not early, but it seemed that these Leanders had not yet dared to swim.

At the piano the daughter of the house and the leader of the San Fernande orchestra

were playing duets. She rose when her father called her—a young and very pretty girl—so pretty, in fact, that in her behalf I would like to translate the delicious Spanish freedom of compliment. Like most Sevillanas, she was rather under the middle size, but her Paris gown may have given that effect, for it was short, and displayed a lovely little foot, of which she could not be too proud.

This young girl's chief charm was her complexion; instead of the pallor that the Seville ladies of the Delicias Gardens cultivate, her cheeks were of a ripe, warm hue, a creamy brown, through which a ruddy flood continually pulsed. Her features were dignified, yet a bit coy; but why enumerate the items when the likeness escapes? Here are the others, though: white teeth, well arched eyebrows, eyes, full, black and glowing, such as poets have taught us are only to be met with in the mellow regions of Andalusia. She crossed the room to her father with short, quick, yet graceful steps, gazing upon the strangers with calm and reserved eyes, but kindling into smiles when she recognized her acquaintance, the American-Spaniard. Lucky fellow! how we envied him that glance!

Whenever she was not playing—for the young orchestra leader evidently considered

her a fine musician, and was ever hanging over her chair, beseeching her to begin again to "repent," as the Boston *émigré* called improvisation—she used the time to start conversation going between us and her comrades, who showed more modesty than we thought becoming, and kept retreating behind the line of veterans—the married ladies in the doorway. Nor were the strangers of the best material out of which a hostess would like to form her guests. No man feels perfectly easy when he suspects he is being laughed at, even though the laugh is a good natured one, and we were quite sure the ladies laughed and wondered at us as half barbarians, in whom the leaven of Seville was but beginning to work. At last our mutual coyness melted in the warmth of the young hostess's wish to put her guests at ease. We were soon chattering as merrily as an imperfect knowledge of Spanish permitted, and our example ought to have shamed the Seville youth, who kept their places about the walls, and glowered from behind a rampart of smoke.

A little later our slow use of the language kept us from joining in the games that were played before we went away, involving as they did catches and plays on words; but it took no polyglot to enter into their spirit.

With the Sevillanas we were delighted in a degree worthy of those superlative creatures who magnify everything, and deserve to be viewed through a magnifying glass. We were charmed with their expressive eyes, pensive and ardent by turns, with their seducing Andalusian accent, and with their exaggerated speech. It was easy to believe that they have but two routes of conversation: from the tiny to the tremendous, and *vice versa*; and we went tradition one better by concluding that the maidens of Seville are by nature strangers to commonplace.

Toward the close of the evening it was proposed that three of the fair guests should stand up and dance for us, and all the men with one voice shouted in the slang of the bull-ring for a *boletín de sombra*. The musician several times played over the opening bars of the dance, but it did not come off. But we had the fun of preparation. "Thou shalt dance as my majo, Martita." "Nay, the señorito must be thou who art taller." "Chiqui-ti-ti-ti-ta, come and take my place, I have forgotten the step."

So it was laughter and silvery screams, little pushes, pathetic implorings, peremptory commands—all the accompaniment of preparation and fiasco, that called to mind similar beginnings we had seen at home.

VII.

THE shameless *Café Chantant* pretends to mantle a blush for the *Café Flamenca* of Seville, while the latter looks the other way when her Parisian sister passes by. Into degrees of license I have no intention to enter here, and I seek, by this comparison, only to arrive at the reputation of the *Café Flamenca*. It is very bad. It is even said to be dangerous. Your old Spanish traveler will ask you if you went to a Flamenca, and when you answer yes—as you love the truth—he will be amazed that you got back without a wound.

It hurts my pride to admit that the Sevillian *chulo* considered me beneath his *navaja*. He never once flashed it before my eyes, and I am compelled to write a description of the Flamenca without putting in the high lights of love and jealousy. There is nought more charming in a Sevillian tale than to read how a beautiful girl, smoking a cigarette on the parapet of the bridge, accosted you with mocking words, but in a rich contralto voice; how she permitted you to buy her sweetmeats and promegranates, and to accompany her in a long ramble through dark streets to her poor home; how finally she exchanged her

nonchalance and disdain for smiles and tender words. In due course the adventure should terminate by the unexpected arrival of the *chulo*—a brigand to whom you once granted sanctuary—and his sudden recognition of you in the midst of a struggle is the only thing that saves your life—unless, indeed, he fails to recognize you, and a more tragical climax is attained.

This well preserved narrative of Spanish adventure, slightly varied in details, always passes current, and every traveler expects something of the kind to happen to him when he visits a *Café Flamenca*. It does not, however, and he returns to his hotel without other disability than a headache, the result of the bad wine he has drunk.

The women frequenters of the Flamenca are outwardly decorous enough. They will not taunt you with mocking words, nor tempt you with loving speeches; in fact, they will not say anything whatever to you unless you speak first. They make up in good behavior what they lack in beauty.

The hall where these revels are held is, in general, a bare, low-ceiled room with rafters and walls whitewashed. It is usually to be found in a street with an intensely religious name. In Cordova we saw the flamenca danced in a sequestered parish church. The

room is furnished with tables for the accommodation of drinkers, and a round platform for the dancers stands at one end. The performance, following the Spanish custom, begins early, about 6:30 o'clock, and while the hall is filling up, or before the tobacco smoke grows dense, is the best time to examine the sirens of the flamenca, both on and off the stage.

The former are usually the ugliest and coarsest of the lot. They sit in a half-circle about a man who plays the guitar; the woman next him on either side has castanets in her hands, while the two or three women beyond each of them are the dancers. All these women wear long, full-skirted gowns; shawls of china crêpe over their shoulders, and bracelets of black velvet or gaudy ribbon on their arms. Their eyes are red beneath the heavy curls pasted down on their foreheads, and they address curt remarks to each other in raucous voices.

The women about the little tables are more agreeable to look upon, but their speech also is hoarse, and half of what they say remains in their throats. Most of them are here with men—short, broad-chested fellows, with long upper lips and crisp, bushy locks, black almost to blueness. A few details relieve the shadowy hall—the gleam of a round white

arm fit to serve as an artist's model, the flash of dark eyes that shine with phosphorescent light. One woman is strangely fascinating. She sits by herself at a table in the darkest corner, where her shadow merges imperceptibly with the purplish gray wall. She sits motionless, seeing nothing, not even the strangers, specimens of a rare species. She is not pretty, but her figure, even in repose, shows admirable flexibility, and her face is one that will attract a second look when she is happy. Now it displays the tension of anxiety. It seems that to-night is to decide something for her. Oh, *Chula*, where is thy *Chulo*? I am certain she has quarreled with her lover, and expects to make it up with him here. Will he come?

There is only one other woman unattended in this hall. She is tall and youthful also, bareheaded, with oily locks of abundant black hair. Across her shoulders she has folded a red and yellow scarf. It makes her look like a handsome mulatto. Her eyes are almond shaped and deep set, only half opened, and yet disclosing a hard look. This woman has no pity for weakness. She glances scornfully at the other solitary one. *She* quarrels and forgets—just as she loves and forgets. What is there to remember? Presently she looks at us with the same disdainful air, as

much as to say: "What are you doing here? Why do you come and neither drink nor play?"

There is a lull in the conversation as the guitar player (he has a head like a cynocephalus) draws his fingers across the strings and begins, in a deep croaking voice, to utter exclamations like the prelude to a chant. The women sit straighter in their chairs and accompany him with murmurs; the castanets faintly clink. He continues to strike the guitar and to shout louder and more connected words, while the women carry the treble notes continuously, and the music becomes a tune made up of two discordant elements, a strain of very high pitch, accompanied by a growling bass. The middle register is absolutely neglected, and this neglect is painful to the ear.

Upon the women performers this music works a curious change. Their cheeks redden a little, the eyes begin to sparkle, cruel smiles play around their drawn lips, and with the heels of their slippers they beat time upon the floor as if involuntarily.

The guitar player continues his incantation. He strikes over and over again the same notes of his guitar. But now he shouts less frequently; it is not necessary, for he is by this time, reinforced by all the men in the

café, who clap their hands softly and yell hoarse cries like this:

"Ole! Ole! Viva tu mare!"

These cries are intermittent, but the guitar goes on always, entreating, seducing, and gradually intoxicating the dancers with its barbaric monotony. The musician leans back on his stool, elevates his chin until his face is invisible, and gives vent now and then to a sort of enraged howl. The cries of the spectators grow fiercer and louder—"Ole! Ole!"—and they clap their hands and stamp their feet with a measured noise like a stampede of buffaloes. Meanwhile the eyes of the dancers dilate and shine like furnaces—they stamp their feet in unison, they breathe in gasps, and they seem to grow young and lovely as you continue to contemplate them.

Then one woman rises to her feet, extends both arms horizontally, and with eyes half closed, a strange smile on her lips, she advances slowly and gradually, all the time swinging and balancing herself like a hammock, into the centre of the circle. Her gilded shoes mark time with the castanets; her long skirt rises and falls; her ankles, clad in yellow silk, gleam in a rotatory motion like the gold apples of Atalanta. She bends forward and back, her limbs move languorously, her heels only mark the time. From

the slow movement she passes into the *vito*, and the lower part of her body undulates with quick circles like the head of a serpent, while from the waist up she seems column-like, except for her swaying arms and her head, which she shakes back and forth as if to dislocate it. Throughout this rapid dance she fixes on the spectators an unchanging glance, half-invitation, half-menace.

"Ole! Ole!" Stamps and hand-clappings increase. Men and women breathe quickly and deeply. The guitar player sprawls on his stool, with his head thrown back in ecstasy, while the guitar gives forth the same sounds, only louder. Another dancer joins the first, then a third, until all the women, including those with the castanets, have followed, seized by the same intoxication.

Now they dance the Zapateado; they dance the same steps in concert, but each girl crosses and recrosses the stage as the whim seizes her, but never colliding with any other. They raise their arms, touch them to the floor, over their heads, behind their backs, but there is no appearance of mere acrobatic agility in these movements. At last these women lose the aspect of human beings, and become veritable creatures of the barbaric music, personified notes of its gamut, and their faces, under the magical

excitement of the dance, take an aspect of beauty. It is not sublimated beauty. It is *beauté du diable*. Their lovers will tremble beneath the rage of their love, the fever of their caresses.

In their turn these women—vulgar before—exert a terrible influence on the spectators. By the enchantment of their glowing eyes, their tight-shut lips, their heaving breasts, the dancers transport the excitable Spaniards into another realm. It is not a realm of joy and peace. It is a realm of fire and sword—streaked red and yellow like the Spanish flag.

Would all this be common-place at home? Perhaps; but here we are carried out of ourselves; we are affected like the Spaniards. We balance our heads from shoulder to shoulder; we abandon ourselves to the monotonous and implacable music. We are in the arena watching the toreador as he enters, tightly cased in a jacket stiff with gold, a bright scarlet silk waistcoat, a jaunty hat on his head and in his hand the long sword that weds the sunlight. We hear him sing to his well-beloved this couplet of the Petenera:

Kisses one and the other
I can never forget are two,
The last I gave my mother,
The first I gave to you.

Or we are on the enormous diligence, behind the four pairs and their leader. We see the Zagal as he goes among them inspecting their gaudy trappings, while the Mayoral stands bantering with the buxom maid of the inn.

"Coachman, do you know the town?
It is easy to lose yourself there."
"You ask me if I know the town!
My father was born in its kennel,—
My mother before the Cathedral."

Then, as the Zagal announces that all is ready, the gallant driver presses the maid's waist in farewell, while she continues:

"If you seek me with a good motive,
Let us go quickly to the parish—
Let us be married in Latin."

At which the driver laughs loudly, swings himself to his lofty perch, cracks his whip, the Zagal shouts "*Arré*," the bystanders applaud, the mules jingle their bells and leap into a cloud of dust.

"*Ole! Ole! Viva tu mare!*"

But one girl is dancing now. Her companions are sitting down, overpowered by the excess of their excitement and the violence of their exercise. The guitar murmurs in a lower tone and with frequent pauses. Slower and slower she glides, her billowy skirt subsides, and gradually, almost imper-

ceptibly, as a wave with the dying swell, she sinks into her seat.

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VIII.

ERRANTRY frequently led our feet to the iron bridge that spans the Guadalquivir. The situation is not to be despised; in addition to the wide spreading view it commands, it has a certain charm for the lover of his kind. In the middle of the graceful span he may take his position, and without a great stretch of the imagination (none whatever if he is a native), consider himself to stand in the centre of the world's commerce. On both sides rise forests of masts—of small ships, it is true, sailing vessels, minor steamers, tugs, and lighters—the undergrowth of commerce, but imposing by their multitude. These vessels seemed to be fixtures; we never saw them arriving or setting out. Their dismantled masts resembled freshly set-out trees, that would, in time, put on leaves. They led by a natural transition to the thickly clothed oaks and poplars of the Delicias gardens on Seville's side, and on Triana's they served to hedge out the sight of filthy

inns, sailors' lodging-houses, hovels of laborers and gypsies that make up the ill-smelling suburb. A series of clean, broad docks adjoin the river promenade of the city, of which they are not a bad continuation, for work goes on there with the same languor as play proceeds in the aristocratic *paseo*. We watched a vessel one morning loading with hogsheads of sherry, and by breakfast time scarce a dozen of the hooped sunlight had been trundled into the hold. The navvies looked half asleep, and the tars wholly so, as if the sovereignty of the Guadalquivir was not to be disputed, even at this busy port, and by these rough seamen.

Suddenly, the yellow silence was broken. A loud splash indicated that the river-god was claiming a human sacrifice. The truckers left their work and ran down to the edge. The vessels that lay moored or anchored in the stream leaped wide awake. Men ran up the rigging; heads popped out of port holes and over sides; the banks were thronged, and the bridge parapet beaded with eyes, all staring at a spot in the flood, where they saw what seemed to be an arm battling with the current. For a few minutes the spectators preserved a ghastly silence, but at the sight of a swaying head, topped with brown curls, that emerged from the wave, they set up a

shout of encouragement, following it with a confusion of orders, directions and prayers for the safety of the buffeter. Owing to the blinding reflection of the sun by the sand colored river, no one could determine the sex or age of the swimmer. One group held that he was a boy; another, a man; while a third group challenged these, pointed to the long, curly hair now distinctly visible, and pronounced that the person in peril was a woman. The swimmer's awkward movement seemed to support this opinion, which spread among the crowd, and powerfully increased their anxiety. At length, the object of so many shrieks, commands and prayers gained the sloping wharf, and, climbing up wearily, revealed itself to be a dog, a long, gaunt *perro*, which hastened to intrench behind a fort of hogsheads and lick itself dry. The spectators looked at each other sheepishly—then laughed spontaneously, as a Spanish crowd rarely laughs; but this was too much for their surly dignity, and they all knocked off work for the day.

The lover of wide spreading views may be repaid by an hour on this bridge. It affords a good picture of Seville, with a panoramic glimpse of the slightly undulating country that stretches north for miles. But the sun burns down upon it hot and cruel. Even

the Guadalquivir, which is more like the sun's creature than the moon's, at this point seems to long to beat off his fierce kisses, and escape to the cool shadowy turns of its channel, where the river winds through the Delicias. Most strangers will hasten with like speed to follow the same course, leaving the gas works, the bridge, the vessels of commerce—whatever lends justice to the claim Seville sets up to be a modern city—to broad daylight, while they seek antiquity under the shade trees of the quay. They have not far to go before coming to a tower, where surely they may drop the burden of the present, if the names of Cæsar and Sertorius open a well of time deep enough to drown it.

From this venerable Torre del Oro, that throws a broken vermilion image on the water, we used, like Parizade, to fill a vase with the golden water of antiquity, and bear it carefully through the labyrinthian streets. Like the devoted sister in that Arabian tale, we used, with pious hand, to sprinkle the broken flag-stones and cracked portals until they teemed again with the life of the thirteenth century. So we discovered the lofty ancient house of the Ulloa's, and by means of the magic drops re-opened the transverse passage, where the offended governor lost his life by Juan Tenorio's sword. We could

never transport a sufficient quantity of the precious fluid to release the stones of a quarter, or a street; either the vase was too small or we sprinkled unwisely, or an accident dashed it from our hands. From one cause or another we were continually dropping back into our own century. Yet I think we enjoyed this confusion of epochs more than a complete success. Ours would have been the confusion, if the threads of yesterday and to-day had really been untangled. The time worn and weather stained houses—lofty and low, in picturesque propinquity—the dark and mysterious wynds; their names as Guzman el Bueno: the infrequent passengers hugging the shady side—what imperfectly formed and almost effaced images of more than half forgotten names and deeds kept crowding back from childhood's library of tale and history, seduced out of the void by these circumstances! How many persons we had dimly read of, how many events we had never understood, now stirred in their graves like friends we had lost, and adventures we had gone through!

This, I take to be the essence of an old city's charm.

Progressing thus in the character of Paynim, or Christian—it did not matter which, so long as we remained a few thousand years

old—we hunted for and found, in the streets of the Old Inquisition, the garden door through which beautiful Estrella was to have been abducted; we loitered in the dusky streets behind the Archbishop's palace, all solemn as cathedral aisles; we lingered long in that quarter, which was distinguished by its aristocratic and churchly discretion, and besought iron gates and latticed windows to yield their jealously guarded secrets. One of the streets of this quarter grew half communicative and friendly. It never told us its name, nor its precise situation, nor could we find out these things for ourselves, when, subsequently, we began to traverse it every day. The most we could learn about it was that it was neighbor to a street called the Bottle of Water, lined with wine shops and a thoroughfare for drunkards. At the terminus of this street, that retained for months its *incognito*, we stood one afternoon, and ran our eyes carelessly over the abutting building. It resembled, in some degree, an Italian palace, and seemed to wear an aspect of injured dignity at being thus indifferently surveyed. Inquiring the name of the house from a passer, he told us it was the *Casa Carasa*.

We had looked so many times in vain for the Casa Carasa, that now the house had

come to us, as it were, we rang the bell at once, and did not stop to think of the difficulty of making ourselves known to strangers, or to weigh the scruples of shyness, which keep tourists out of interesting houses. A stout, middle-aged priest unlocked the iron *reja*, and admitted us with a gracious air, before we had time to explain why we had called.

Following him we went up a few steps into a passage screened off by a second ornamental door, and passing through, we looked into the noble patio of the dwelling, with its famous pillars and medallions. This patio is very lofty, and without an awning, and owing to the light and elegant pillars which support three tiers of loggias, it seems larger than it is. The first floor columns have capitals of very delicate medallions copied closely from Italian work; the second floor shafts are said to resemble in detail and general design the style of the Romanesque architecture, while the upper gallery is more closely wrought in engaged shafts carved to the eaves.

The architect—his name is lost in the limbo of mediæval artists—has carried his art beyond the court-yard to the loggias, and made of the latter a continuation of out-of-doors. By the combination of two styles,

which might seem irreconcilable, the simple Gothic and the airy Mudejar, he has charmed away any thought of a roof. In these loggias the visitor receives the impression that he is in a garden—a subdued priestly garden. The rooms around the portico, of which he catches glimpses through open doors, seem to be deeper recesses, arbors of denser shade.

They were rooms, however, and we were guided through them by the priest who admitted us, and who manifested great patience while we examined everything curious. He confessed, at the start, that he had no accurate information concerning the house to impart; but many rooms remained untouched by the restorer, and they spoke for themselves and commanded our admiration. A small room in particular, one of a suite which had formed the first owner's oratory, library and bed-chamber, was as beautiful as any spot to be seen now in the Alhambra. It was tiled half way up to the ceiling with azulejo as dazzling as on the day it was laid. The roof was of artesonado, in a fine and delicate pattern, without pendentives, and the floor was a charming specimen of Moorish tile work. The priest told us this had the name of being the last pure Morisco work in Spain, having been finished just before the exodus of those clever craftsmen.

The other rooms of this suite were larger and obstructed with furniture, some of which boasted fine carving of Scriptural scenes that would suit a churchly taste. We inspected them, and were then invited to return down the portico and visit a corresponding suite on the opposite side of the entrance way. It suited us better, however, to sit outside and study the court-yard and loggia from this new point of view. In fact, the mere act of looking at a beautiful building, of which we had read little or nothing, was very refreshing.

One member of our party sighed and remarked, that if he had his way, he would choose this house for his residence in Seville, with the portico for a lounging place, and the rich, dusky room we had visited for a sleeping chamber. The priest immediately responded that he might do so if he were serious, for the Carasa was a *casa de huespedes*, and he was himself a boarder. To prove his assertion, he carried us off to the comedor, where a motherly Señora was superintending the laying of the cloth for dinner, and she explained politely, but with characteristic Spanish indifference, her willingness to entertain us. Returning with speed to the calle O'Donnell, we held our second interview with Mariana, who came down dressed in

the same pink calico gown she had worn when we saw her before. Emilio packed up our belongings. Margarita was not visibly affected by our departure, but responded "*Con Dios?*" as calmly as if we were merely crossing the street. Then, like belated birds, we flew from the wintry pickings of Mariana's *puchero* to the bountiful spring of the Casa Carasa.

That is equivalent to saying we had plenty to eat there, and gross as the acknowledgment may read, it is true that we remember the Carasa more kindly for the excellent table it provided than for its poetic architecture. Man cannot live on stones, even though they enclose shadowy porticoes and Moorish chambers. But we continued to delight in them, because the *panecillo* and *higada* never lost their excellence. Oh, the gladness of the Spanish breakfast! We never realized it until we came to the Casa Carasa. The thick, warm chocolate and delicious small rolls that the fat cook, Dona Julita, brought up with her own hand. She was fifty years old, but she had the youngest vocabulary. She called us her sons, and she woke us up by patting the pillow with one hand, while with the other she held out the rich cup, coaxing us with soothing words to drink. Dona Julita came and went with the

rosy flush of dawn, so far as we were concerned, but the plenty of the dinner-table proved that her labors did not end there. When the hour approached for the principal meal we did not strain to be down early, as we had done at Mariana's. The boarders of the Carasa were not cadets and medical students, and dinner went forward there in a stately archiepiscopal fashion. There was another reason besides Julita for these pleasant conditions. We were breathing a churchly atmosphere; for, as befitted the memory of Canon Piñero, priests were in the majority at what had once been his board. The cura, a licentiate who had read Corderius, a choir chaplain, and two theological students—brothers—represented the Church in this little huespedes. The laity had but three examples—a banker, who had his counting-room in the neighborhood, and the two Americans. The curate sat at the chief place of the table, and directed the conversation. He had read much, both in old and modern books, and his pure Castilian accent gave to his talk a style that we found a little lofty at times, but generally pleasant. Of the other ecclesiastics, the chaplain was a handsome man of thirty, who dispensed in dress, as far as he dared, with the badges of his office, and in speech showed an equal

desire to talk like a man of the world. The licentiate, on the contrary, in gravity of conversation and deportment, was a model churchman. He was good and dry, and should have lived in the days when religion was religion. He was a foil for the other two, who seemed to have made a close study of the arts of rendering themselves agreeable. They spoke with those Andaluzas voices, which are the richest and most poetical voices in the world, and are the only tones that sound more musical in masculine than in feminine throats. Had other things been unequal, I think we would have remained at the Carasa, in order to enjoy as long as possible the melodious tones of the priests.

Sharing this cloistral *pension* with these skirted companions, we scarce expected to listen to tales of love. The cadet and his comrades remained outside, and the little god surely had enough to do to attend to their flirtations, without troubling the hearts which beat under the habit of religion. But we had not been domiciled long at the Carasa before the younger of the two theological students, who had quickly put himself *en rapport* with the traveled Americans, convinced us by his tale that Cupid does, in truth, wing a closer flight to Seville than to other cities of the world. He was in love,

and begged us to advise him how to throw off soutane and bands before he had fairly put them on.

But let me begin at the beginning. The brothers were the only children of a wealthy candle manufacturer of Madrid, whose heart had been lighted to religion perhaps by his own tapers. At any rate, he was devout, and wished to give both sons to the Church. Therefore, he placed them in a monastic seminary near Seville, in order to remove them from chance encounters with worldly Madrid friends. In the monastery the younger brother had proved the more exemplary; he was quite happy for the space of a year, reciting, or reading in turns with his comrades, the Offices and the Breviary. In the beginning of their second year the elder brother was convicted in one of the petty sins that the seminary scholars were fond of committing, which was reported to his father. He came and carried his sons to the curate, a personal friend, and left them in his charge at the Casa Carasa, to remain until the priest thought it wise to restore them to the seminary.

The change proved beneficial to the elder brother. Whether he really began to love the Church for its own sake, or in the pompous society of the lords of the Church saw

afar off a mitre and a crozier, the result was the same, and he devoted himself assiduously to Thomas à Kempis.

The effect on Cesario, the younger son, hitherto so good and pious, was vastly different. On a certain High Mass, which all Sevillians attend in the national costume, while he sat in the *coro*, occasionally lending his voice to the service, a girl came in and knelt down quite near him. He might have put his hand through the wide interstices of the carvings and touched her on the shoulder.

At first he only noticed how well the black silk basquina and the mantilla of black lace became her. Then he perceived that her hair was of beautiful reddish-brown color, and that her eyes, which sometimes she raised, feeling his upon her, were brown, and large, and speaking. He had not turned many times from contemplating those brown eyes back to the missal before the letters were blurred, and the book trembled in his grasp. Realizing that he had lost the worshipping spirit, he laid aside the book and boldly continued to gaze.

When the young priest saw her again she did not wear the dress of the country, but was attired in the last fashion from Paris. Nevertheless, he recognized her, and because the bitter tears he had shed in the interval

had not washed out a line of her image from his heart, he manfully determined to weep no more, but to love her in secret until he could love her openly and without reproach. That would be when he was no longer pretending to study for the priesthood; but he told us that before making up his mind to disappoint his father he had suffered greatly, not that he feared his father's anger, but he dreaded the anger of God.

We assured him—somewhat irreligiously I am afraid—that he need not suffer on that score, and we counseled him to make a clean breast of it to the curate. He promised to act on this advice. For two days he avoided us, and appeared to be in mental torture; but, on the third, he rose from his bed in the middle of the night to knock at the curate's door. He confessed everything to him with sobs, but with a determination to stand by his purpose that no argument could shake. He related the points of the conversation to us next morning. Soon afterwards his father arrived and took him home to Madrid. I do not know if the sequel was that happy ending most people like to their romances; but even if he found the girl with the red-brown hair engaged, or unable to love him, I am sure Casario found another. He was of the stuff to find another. To the last

I repeated my inquiries to the curate, who always suavely replied that his young friend was assisting in the father's business—candle-making—and reported to be happy in the choice he had made.

IX.

BOTH curate and chaplain, who led the talk at our dinner table, were not so liberal in deed as in word. When the day of Saint Anthony fell, they refused to keep the festival with us, and they spoke with considerable disdain of the preparations made by the common people of Seville for celebrating it, telling us that we should see on this occasion nothing but "*tonterias Españolas*"—Spanish follies. In fact, in becoming the darling "San Anton" of the people, Saint Anthony lost much of his dignity. Reading his life by Athanasius, and listening to the legends told of him by a Spanish peasant, it is difficult to understand that both refer to the same person. The church biographer represents him as the oracle of the Nile, whose relics worked many miraculous cures in victims suffering with "a pestilential erysipelatous distemper called the sacred

fire," and as a holy man, who, in his lifetime, wore only a coarse shift of hair and never washed his body. Athanasius tells a great deal more, but the common imagination has seized upon the last point, and rejected the rest. He never washed his body, consequently Anthony is a saint after their own hearts.

The Sevillians do not doubt that Anthony is now in heaven, but because he possessed no gold or silver on earth they suppose that he remains poor above, and wears there a second rate, a tarnished halo. On that account the people love him familiarly, and no one is too poor and common to creep under the mantle of this humble patron. It is even spread wide enough to include the brute creation, and, for upwards of a century, the festival of "San Anton" has been devoted to blessing the animals: horses, cows, mules and asses, and to the sale of charms for their preservation from disease.

We were told if we did not choose to walk to the convent church in the suburb, where the function referred to is performed for convenience of farmers and muleteers, we could still see many curious sights by going to the church of Santa Catalina, in the northern part of the city. Our way there was made difficult by the throng pushing in the

same direction, or battling to chaffer with itinerant venders who had deserted their customary stands and taken to the streets by which the crowd must pass. Every variety of cripple was propelling himself, as rapidly as his abbreviations would permit, to the church door, in order to be in time for the procession of animals. Their rags, and the motley costumes of the crowd made a true picture; as loud to the eyes as to the ear were the barking of dogs, the clatter of tongues, the squalling of children.

Reaching the plaza Ponce de Leon, there seemed to be not even crowding room for the new comers, and a dozen soldiers stationed to preserve an open space around an oriental fountain near the church door, were having a hard time of it. We were pushed forward by people who came after us, until we were drawn into the current of devotees, and entered the church through a low, sombre portal, obstructed by the bodies and crutches of the mendicants who lined the walls.

The majority of the worshippers in the church were women, and while many were kneeling before a table at which presided a priest muttering an *ave*, and crossing them with a bone of St. Anthony, more were prostrate against the boxes of the confessional, placed in the vicinity of chapels and in

angles of the wall. Another large group of women knelt on the floor before the Capilla Major—a Moorish-looking high altar—with their arms stretched out as in wild entreaty, an attitude they held for a long time together.

Meanwhile there was a procession of tapers all round the church, chanting from chapel to chapel, and pausing before each for prayers. As the priests and acolytes lingered in the dark recess of an altar with the tapers, reflected like flaming hearts by the metal railings, or marched slowly across the church, where the tapers twinkled like stars under the noble roof of the nave, the effect was solemn—solemn enough to overcome the repugnance excited by the friar mumbling his spells at the door.

There was no solemnity in the ceremony as it went forward out of doors. At the mouth of the street that turned into the plaza, as many as fifty cabs were drawn up, and the drivers, with interjections and ob-jurgations, were unharnessing their animals and leading them through the people up to the fountain. There a number of muleteers and asses had stood for two hours in the broiling sun waiting for the signal. Some lackeys came up at the last moment, leading with difficulty the beautiful English horses of Sevillian noblemen through the line of

spectators, who swayed forward and back, and uttered admiring exclamations, to the great terror of the animals. The lackeys were swearing like pirates; the cab drivers and muleteers shouted out unfavorable comparisons between their own tranquil beasts—some lying down, others standing motionless—and the handsome, frisky horses of the aristocrats.

At precisely noon the procession began to move forward from the fountain to a window in the church, which an old padre, with a very red face, had thrown open. As the animals passed under him he sprinkled holy water upon them. The horses and mules started back in astonishment and displeasure, the nervous beasts of the region giving the lackeys great trouble to keep them from dashing through the ranks of sightseers. The asses only manifested themselves to be good Catholics, and received the holy drops with brays of refreshment.

In addition to the blessing of his animal, each muleteer brought a sack of grain to be consecrated by the father. This he did by moistening it with holy water and stirring it with a relic of St. Anthony. He then returned it, and received for his pains a peseta—twenty cents—not dear for a bag of grain warranted to cure any disease beast-flesh is heir to.

We did not linger long to watch this spectacle, which is more amusing than edifying, but turned to go, and began to battle with the human waves which had poured into the plaza in an incessant turbid stream since an early hour, and were still pouring in. The late comers were the near relatives of the unwashed and ragged people we had seen in the morning, and the whole assemblage, as we passed through it, presented but a confusion of grime and tatters. Infecting all like a poisonous gas generated by refuse, rose the evil odor which one never escapes in Spain—the breath of the Iberian peasant, a mouldy breath compounded of garlic, vile tobacco, and decayed teeth, and here exhaled by the multitude with deadly power. Till we had fled from this effluvium to the purer atmosphere of a balcony overlooking the square, we could not distinguish in the unclean crowd its characteristic and picturesque features, so real is the relation, in regard to pleasure, which exists between the eye and the nose.

Up there the people recovered picturesque. The dirt returned to simple dirt again, and no longer seemed unsavory squalor, nameless uncleanness representing moral vieness. From that vantage point we could admire them, and we would not—if

we had dared to take such a liberty with the noble Spaniards below—have washed a single grimy check, patched up a solitary colored rag, or mended a decomposing zapato. The missionary spirit which had dawned in our breasts faded out again, and left us simple travelers, wishing to keep the people in their filth and ignorance for a spectacle. What crimes committed against civilization must tourists answer for!

Now that the crowd had reached its destination it was not so noisy as when traversing the calle del Sol and other streets leading thither. Though inclined to mock while a muleteer passed them on the way to the priest with his animal, they preserved, for the most part, a heavy silence entirely strange to a festival. There was no jostling, no concerted shouting; however closely packed among his fellows the individual may have been, he preserved his individuality, and waited for a moment of silence before uttering his comment, to ensure its being heard. Some men beneath our balcony looked up and saluted the "impertinente curiosos," as if they had divined the motive which took us out of nose-shot. I wondered why these people had gathered to witness the ceremony, and why they observed the feast, which is a voluntary one, when they seemed

to be unable to derive pleasure from it. There surely is no crowd at once so surly and quiet as a Spanish crowd, and I imagine their capacity for being ill-tempered and submissive at the same time is what has made them, despite fierce intermittent revolutions, the most docile puppets of despotism history shows.

In the evening we went to the Alameda del Hercule, where we were told we should see the best of the fun. This Alameda is situated in a poor quarter of Seville, composed almost wholly of laboring men and mechanics. The streets which end in the broken pavement of the plaza have ugly and slatternly doorways, and every sixth house is a filthy "public." The great quadrilateral plaza appears extremely poverty stricken, and in the day-time it shows an appalling degree of dirt and squalor, besides being pervaded by a horrible smell. In the centre of the Alameda is a battered Moorish well-curb, and in lines down two sides of the place stand stone pedestals and columns, supporting statues that could give enigmatical points to the Sphinx of the desert, so broken, so chipped, so indistinguishable as to sex are they. The houses fronting on the Hercule consist of but one poor story, but they have flower-pots in the balconies and against the walls.

Previous visits to this gaunt and hippocratic Alameda had not possessed us in favor of it as a theatre of diversion. Night, however, served as a charitable mantle to cover up the painful decay of the place, and numerous bonfires, built on the ragged pavement, for the time exorcised its unfragrant demon.

These bonfires are the marks of the festival, though their relation to the popular "San Anton" is vague, and the people that light them here every year have forgotten, if they ever knew it, the origin of the custom. It has come down, perhaps, from the Egyptian St. Anthony's victory over the "sacred fire." Formerly every family in the barrio had the ambition to light a fire of its own, but latterly the custom has died out, so far as families are concerned, unless the groups of hoydenish girls and surly men who keep up the practice are to be considered as families in embryo.

It was dark as pitch in the narrow street we took to the Alameda, but as we drew near we heard a great humming and buzzing, like innumerable bees, and waves of light from the torches swept down the street at intervals, illuminating the portals, and going out suddenly, like a conflagration half under control. A heavy asphyxiating atmosphere accompanied these flashes, burying the damp freshness

of night under odors of smoke, cooked food and dying flowers. When we emerged on a little eminence, and surveyed the plaza, it presented a kaleidoscopic jumble of colors and forms, now like a dark mass, again brilliantly lighted; people jostling each other, constantly moving, and apparently inextricably entangled. Crowds of faces upturned with broad grins, arms that waved above them, a great noise of talking, laughing and stamping, formed the first impression of a mob it would be wisdom to keep out of. But, when we mingled with them, we found less confusion than we had expected. A certain order was maintained, and, instead of being locked together motionless, the crowd moved in two processions between the lines of bonfires, one going up and the other going down the plaza.

Beside the glowing heaps old women sold brands, calling out the price in hoarse, alcoholic, disagreeable voices, with a lugubrious intonation. These the chulos bought for their girls—the chulas—whom they drew out of the ranks for a moment to throw a brand on the fire for good luck. From group to group light words, free gestures, a cross fire of badinage, passed between men and women. Most of the latter were girls of the people, and wore calico dresses, Manilla

shawls, and flowers in their hair. The men, also, conformed to one style of dress, which consisted of tight trousers, short jackets, and the soft hats of the mushroom shape, called hongo. Not all of these men were of the lower classes. Many had soft, delicate hands, covered with valuable rings, and our eyes testified to the truth of what we had heard, that Seville gentlemen liked to amuse themselves at the festival of "San Anton."

By the light of the bonfires, and of torches, fixed to the ghostly Roman marbles, little tables set on stakes, offered refreshments of fish and salted meats, smelts fried in oil, anchovies, and a mixture of eggs and codfish, called Soldados de Pavia. Wine was sold in abundance to quench the thirst this kind of food excited, and the roisterers drank it freely. Early in the night they exhibited signs of intoxication. They fired olives at each other, seized the women's fans, and broke them over their neighbor's head; while extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses and shrieks of coarse laughter indicated that the patrons of these tables were principally of the "Merry Gentry."

Leaving their vicinity, and joining the moving throng, we found that little booths had been erected all around the plaza, some of them theatrical, in front of which dingy

persons of either sex, men dressed as women and women as men, bawled out the title of the *sainete* or *tonadilla* (farce or musical comedy) which would be played inside, as well as the names of the distinguished actors who would take part in them. Hucksters at the doors of other booths cried out the fabulous bargains in tinware, shoes, gloves, and every sort of wearing apparel, without exhibiting any, offered within. A booth, better patronized than those supplying ordinary wants, was presided over by a villainous looking man, surrounded by his court of barateros and gamblers. He did nothing to attract customers, except to shuffle from one hand to the other an ancient pack of cards. This man's face touched the very bottom of the abyss. To look at him was to remember all the deeds of blood one had ever read about. It was a dreadful face, set, seamed and almost grotesquely wicked. But his eyes prevented it from being grotesque. They alone moved and gleamed on individual after individual in the passing group, with a green light like a cat's in the dark.

Next to him the King of the Gypsies, from the suburb of Los Humeros, was not above turning a dishonest penny, to the disgust of the professional guitaristas, who were present in force, by getting up a dance on a piece of

carpet spread down on the pavement. Much as they would have liked to protest, the guitar players scarcely grumbled under their breath; they feared the intensity of the swarthy king's evil eye. His zingali hung on the skirts of every couple, assuring the "caballero" that he would be rich, and the "señorita" that she would get a kind husband. Early in the evening, or before the dances had fairly begun, these brown fates reaped a rich harvest from the credulity of maid and man. Not that I think these Dulcineas consider kindness as an essential attribute to a husband; they seemed to belong to the class which can endure a good deal of hard usage and enjoy an occasional domestic scrimmage. If any illusion of virginal Dolores, "Amagita mia," and modest Spanish peasant girls, had lasted so long, St. Anthony's festival would have brushed it away like a cobweb. In the corners of the plaza we frequently saw an Andalusian lover give the punishment of blows to his sweetheart, who received them with cries, of course, but equally, of course, as a necessary sequel to her indiscriminate ogling. A few minutes afterwards she would be sitting with him at a table, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, but tranquilly sipping wine. A good many young girls, in sets of six or

eight, all wearing wide hooped dresses of manifold colors, all with flowers in their hair and in their bosom, passed us in the opposite procession, and tried to attract our attention by look or word. If one of them thought she had succeeded she would instantly turn her large, impertinent, black eyes, with a mocking glance, upon her companions, and, commiseratingly, bid them "adios!" But there was more mischievous audacity in this than real boldness. Approach one and she would dart away and hide behind the skirts of her friends. Their dances, too, which they engaged in without masculine partners, were modest as well as pretty. All these girls, who never heard of the waltz or the polka, are perfectly acquainted with the intricate dances of the country. They love them passionately, and they cannot pause within sound of a guitar without suffering St. Vitus of the feet.

Withdrawn somewhat from the crowd, leaning against Hercules himself, stands an old fellow idly thrumming his guitar. His tight trousers are belted in by a bright red girdle. He wears a plaited shirt and no cravat. Under the hongo hat his white hair is combed down almost into his little, twinkling black eyes. An old man, dried and wrinkled, is this guitarista, but he handles

his instrument lovingly, and with no decrease from the dexterity of his youth.

"A dance, girls!"

Quickly they make up the requisite purse to pay for their amusement. The old musician thanks them with a deep, grave voice peculiar to the aged poor of Andalusia, assures them they have done well to come to him who can "make tables dance," changes his position so as to give his head a chance to fall back, and coughs. Eight girls form in two lines, each one with castanets in her hands, somebody shouts "Honra!" and somebody else in a sharp, nasal voice, the voice of the Andalusian peasant woman, sings a seguidilla, the guitar tinkles, the castanets clack, and the dance begins. A vibrant, delicious dance it is—a dance Greek girls might have woven in a field near Syracuse. The dancers lifted their arms and approached each other, only to retreat again; raised first one foot and then the other, and displayed the most poetic and flexible attitudes. The guitar and castanets continued to incite them joyously; the opposing waves rose and fell, bent first to one side and then to the other, with many diverse bewitching motions of heads and arms. Ah, to see these Andalusian witcheries performed aright one must see the girls of the people dance them! They

are not like the dancers of the *sala*, who are satisfied to mark the movements and keep time. They accent every posture, and they delight to tire themselves to the utmost limit of agility and grace. They form a circle about an imaginary hat that has fallen in their midst, and, advancing toward it, each girl makes a feint of picking it up, caressing it, holding it off at length; now taking it off, now putting it on her head again. At the conclusion of each figure they join hands in a circle, turn half round, trembling and looking at each other with humid, ecstatic eyes.

"Ole! Ole!" A crowd has collected about them, and utter exclamations like "Jump, my pigeon, jump!" or "Long life to your mothers!" But the girls hardly hear this accompaniment to their movements. They are in a tremor from head to foot; they would like the dance to last forever.

But the guitarista knows when he has earned his money. He stops playing in the very middle of a figure. Cunning fellow! He expects somebody will fill the hat again in order to see the rest. He miscalculates, for the girls catch hold of each other and run away, laughing and shrieking, half-vexed, half-delighted, at having danced for "San Anton."

And at that instant a boy on the other side began to scream *Maleguenas*, with a voice that was changing from treble to bass. Thither the crowd surged, ready to call down blessings on his mother if the song pleased them.

Sometimes, we are told, the festival breaks up in a general dance, every one joining in, girls of eighteen and women of eighty, and then the old Alameda offers its gayest aspect—gayest and most innocent. The dance we had seen converted us, and we hastened to temper a judgment we had made earlier. Is it not perilous to offer a statement about the morals of a people on the unsure ground of observation? To judge by the rough talk and behavior of these *chulas* and *majos* I might have been led to write that the Spain of to-day is the loose Spain of Guzman de Alfarache, but I waited a little. When we went away finally we felt that a tough strand of modern decency binds up these customs, at once simple and rough, of old world revelry. Had it been otherwise, we would have joined the group of reformers at Madrid, who esteem the feast a childish fashion, worn to the point of suppression. I think by calling it a childish fashion the reformers unwittingly defend it. Already too many innocent pastimes have been abolished, as

the world knows by the added dullness. But there is really no need to defend the festival. It will endure as long as Andalusia, for to such shreds as are left of their earlier enchantments—among which must be classed the sports of "San Anton"—the Spaniards cling with peculiar and praiseworthy steadfastness.

X.

HOW subtle and fleeting are the charms of those abstract things, a square and a street, when you come to write about them! I cannot attribute the quality of bad taste to the numerous travelers who call Seville an uninteresting desert; the city is a quiet plain, with a wonderful cathedral and a lofty tower to accentuate its general flatness. It makes no more lasting impression on the brain of a rapid traveler than does the landscape on the headlight of a locomotive. To us, however, who lingered away the winter in Seville, her cathedral and Giralda soon lost their prominence, while corners and triangles of streets, quaint unpretentious dwellings, little squares, frowned upon by monotonous walls, grew dear to our hearts almost like features of home, and became our Seville.

Of the squares, a plaza behind the cathedral, shut in by the Alcazar and the archbishop's palace, made a delightful lounging place on warm mornings. It had no attractions in itself; a three-cornered piece of sandy grass, under fortress walls, with trees set in regular rows, that grew feebly, like Protestants in a Roman Catholic country. Hard benches without backs formed a sort of fence on the three sides of the plaza that was generally destitute of human figures. But it counted one constant friend, an old fruit woman, who kept her stall there, and it could confidently expect to see, some time during the day, a priest in rusty soutane and wide three-cornered hat, who took his exercise within its boundaries. Beggars and guitar players never came to this plaza, but on Sundays and feast days a modest movable stall was set up directly beneath the flying buttress of the cathedral. A thin, old man, who ought to have been a hermit, kept it, and sold his wares, or offered them for sale, to the worshippers who strayed from the grand portal and the orange garden. These wares were waxen images and tapers, pictures of saints, rosaries, crucifixes; all the religious objects used for funeral ceremonies, as well as waxen arms, legs, eyes, ears, and babies, for offerings at the shrine of a popular

saint for the recovery of a person or an afflicted member of the body. A friendly understanding existed between this old man and the fruit aunty. When business was more than commonly dull he went over to her stall and grumbled at the malevolence of his rivals in trade, the old woman at the church doors who had driven him away from that coveted stand, and, when his breath gave out, she would begin to vituperate in her turn.

On ordinary days, as I have said, the old woman alone shared the plaza with us. She was always there in the daytime, and I think she slept under her bit of awning. It must have been the charm of the place that held her there, and not the love of gain, for if she sells oranges and mixes sugary drinks in that plaza to the end of time (and I suppose she will do so to the end of *her* time) the profit can hardly keep her out of the almshouse. In the season, that is, in April and May, she makes considerable hay while the sun of English tourists shines. The thirsty *Inglesas*, she told us with a chuckle, run out of the Alcazar straight into her arms.

The Alcazar made no such dry impression on us, though we visited it on days warmer than the New England June. The halls of the old Moorish palace offered a better imita-

tion of winter than all the rest of Seville's buildings combined, and its vaults, which some one has called the pantheon of Maria Padilla, were unpleasantly moist and cold. The gardeners in attendance never seemed to remember that we had been there before, and when we returned from a ramble in the formally lovely gardens, they were sure to sprinkle us with water by means of an infernal contrivance beneath the pavement, that has played its practical joke on royal and other famous shoes. Then they met us at the exit, hat off and Spanish grin on, in expectation of a peseta. So we always came back to the plaza out of humor with oranges and sugared water, or any sort of liquid refreshment.

This tiny plaza occupies the cardiac situation, with reference to the other members of Seville's corporation, being encompassed by the Lonja, her belly of trade; the cathedral, her brain; the Giralda, her right arm, and the two streets which join here—one marching north through the city and the other across the Guadalquivir to the suburbs—her legs. Like a heart, it pumps the flood of life over the city, and recovers the waste again from these members, and no less like a heart that it beats silently. The calm brooding over this neighborhood is not the still-

ness of death. The portal of the archbishop's palace is sometimes quick with dispersing priests. The Alcazar walls lose on familiarity their first resemblance to those of Balclutha, and the counting room of the Lonja seems but to be sleeping an enchanted sleep, from which it will wake up to be the centre of busy interests, and to throb again with the "quick pulse of gain." I know not how this impression of suspended vitality was conveyed by the dormant plaza, unless the extravagant tales related of its teeming life in the Holy Week had something to do with it. A part of the charm lay there; if it had been dead past waking we would have shunned the place. But we gazed upon the plaza as on the face of a sleeping child, content to imagine how it would look with its eyes open, and we let it sleep on.

To the charm of the purlieus of the cathedral that my pen has no power to describe, a great delight was added by the color which washed the whole, rich, old yellow; painful to the eyes in the sun, but deliciously soothing in the shade. Above this tapestry border the cathedral towered, a mass of heavy walls springing to parapets, castellated towers, pinnacles, and spires, all moulded, as it were, out of a Gargantuan cake of chocolate. To the amateur's kindling eye, this jumble of

confusing forms, this jaundiced construction of incongruous details, which are nearly the words which architects use to damn Seville with, stands a wonderful, mysterious drama in stone which Time has taken in hand and collaborated with the builder to preserve the unities. This lovely brown casket conspired, with the sun, to keep us outside in idle admiration, as if both feared that the gem inside, by its superior richness, would shut our eyes to the exterior picture and quench our shadows forever in its eternal shade.

And, in truth, a spell more potent urged us when we finally broke the other and entered the cathedral, a spell that works across leagues of land and water, and would make one write an incoherent and hysterical description. The cathedrals we had already seen failed to prepare us for Seville. To name one Gothic cathedral of Europe sets the names of the others echoing, and I cannot call up one without being lost in a procession. But the cathedral of Seville is not included. It stands alone. It shoots higher than its mediæval fellows; it covers a wider, a deeper, and an isolated area of memory.

The thought of its isolation was present while yet we were walking in Seville's aisles. The cathedrals of Milan and Toledo lost, with every visit, some of the atmosphere of

awe which at first enveloped them. Although painfully conscious that nine parts of their meaning were Greek to us, we yet came to speak of them familiarly, and to appraise their value in the horribly earthly spirit of comparison. Like partisans, we took sides in front of their very altars, and defended with heat whatever belonged particularly to each. Familiarity with them had made of us priests to whom there remained no mysteries. Within the walls of Seville we felt like humble worshippers. Those other churches we felt we had bought with the fees to the sacristan, and we walked carelessly, even a little irreverently, about our own. The dim, rich vastness of Seville, from the curtain at the door to the recess of the high altar, was all a Holy of Holies.

The spell was not broken when we began to walk about, examining by parts, because, owing to oversight or laziness on the part of the vergers, we were left alone to discover for ourselves the genius of the place. To gaze along the middle aisle, that infinitely receded; to gaze aloft into the octagonal dome, that hung nearer heaven than earth; to take the lateral aisles, chapel by chapel, and linger in each as long as one wished, without being advised of something better worth looking at farther on; to pore over

the rich marbles of the choir and the carvings of the throne, just as one might look over an illuminated missal; to look at the pictures in the same spirit, without saying that one was good and the other bad: in brief, to see without criticising, to enjoy without judging—how delightful all this was!

But it was one of the pictures that brought down my soaring spirit. I had been looking at them with simple wonder, like a child who believed that they were portraits of saints, and not of models more or less spiritualized by poor diet. I had given a child's credence to the stories told of "The Descent from the Cross," a picture by Campana in the vestry of the sacristy; that it had frightened Pacheco in the dusk, and that Murillo had often stood before it, waiting until Joseph and his companions should finish taking down the Saviour. I believed every word of these tales just as I believe the modern history of the destruction of the picture by Sout's soldiers and its restoration. But I came out of wonderland when we went to see Murillo's "San Antonio," which has had a history almost as eventful. The figure of the saint was cut out, carried to New York, and offered for sale in the year 1874. The gashes of the thief's knife, though joined by skillful stitches, are still visible. As I looked

at them, I remembered that ours is an age where child-like simplicity stands a very poor show.

In the centre aisle, directly opposite the chapel where this Murillo hangs, stands the memorial stone of Ferdinand Columbus, the great son of a greater father, and, as a sort of compatriot, deserving of more melancholy emotion than we were able to accord him. Try as we might, we could not forget that he had been dead a number of centuries, and our grief was less than lukewarm. For the others, who have tombs, mortuary chapels, statues, or slabs, we could not affect a decent degree of interest; the people commemorated by these symbols being principally archbishops and their auxiliaries, who had ruled the chapter, and had ruled it well, according to their epitaphs. We passed on, paraphrasing the question Charles Lamb asked when a boy, rambling through a churchyard, "Where lie the dignitaries who ruled it ill?" More time would undoubtedly be spent in spelling out their forgotten names, if it were not for the chapel behind the high altar, which concentrates the mortuary interest of the cathedral. This sepulchral chapel, almost a church by itself, is a fifteenth century addition to the pile, and most of the royalties who had in their lives any good or evil to do

to Seville are buried or have memorials here. Yet have the chapel gates opened to receive the bodies of some not royal, among whom is Maria de Padilla, the gentle and lovely, or vindictive and blood-thirsty, according as one is for or against that unhappy lady, doomed to extend her enemies and lovers beyond the grave. More solemn than any cemetery lying open to the sun is this vast charnel house, where the dead—many in open coffins—seem actually to have burst their cerements, and come forth to mop and mow in each other's faces, to carry on quarrels that have arisen over which shall take precedence at the table of Death. A dim, foreboding gloom, not so much darkness as privation of light, creeps from the church over the pinnacles of the high altar, and gives birth to these grotesque ideas. No doubt St. Ferdinand lies perfectly quiet, as he is said to lie perfectly preserved in his silver coffin; no doubt his son Alonzo has lost interest in metaphysics; no doubt Blanca has given over his glib sophistry; Padilla her tears, and all the company resigned themselves to their situation and to each other. No doubt—but when, as we stood by the railing to depart, a spent ray struck the spun gold hair of the Virgin de los Reyes, endowing it with the appearance of life, we

hurried away, without looking back, for fear we should see the kings beneath the recumbent marbles, in the exposed coffins, rise and exert a horrid ability to return to earth.

XI.

WE had never been windfalls in the precarious fortunes of the guides of Seville. We did not need them to direct our trips that had no particular destination, but always landed us in some interesting quarter. In fact, it seemed that we took more pleasure in losing ourselves than we would have gained from well designed excursions. Our pride at getting around without them went before a fall one day, when such a catastrophe seemed less than ever probable. On this day we had gone to cast a final distinction between the beautiful pictures by Murillo, and the ugly, suppressed convent in which they are so badly housed. When we came out, the Plaza del Museo, with Murillo's statue in the center, lay before us, as we expected, but the Calle de las Armas, which leads in a straight line to the great thoroughfare of Seville, seemed to have sunk into the earth. Where was it?

Where it ought to have opened we could find only a narrow lane between high white walls, that was blocked by another wall, after it had run a few yards in the direction of the city. Returning to the Plaza, we said it was beneath our dignity to ask the way, and we plunged at random into a street on the opposite side. That little street branched and subdivided into a net-work of alleys and passages, among which we wandered for hours, never, apparently, getting nearer to the city proper, but catching glimpses of a people and a mode of life that were comparatively new to our Sevillian observation.

Heaven knows we had no need to explore this quarter to appreciate Sevillian poverty. The poor are all over Seville, and their wretchedness is in the very air. Yet the hot, dry sun makes picturesque objects of the loathsome cripple and the filthiest beggar, and the visitor comes to regard them as the shadows of the picture necessary to set off its high lights. An artistic crust forms over his sympathy; he admires them as an artist might, and forgets to put his hand in his pocket. In the rich architectural districts, the church portals and public squares, the beggars, abetted by their surroundings, seem like models, to whom the traveler gives not alms, but a fee. Most of these beggars

gain a fictitious cheerfulness from the environment. Some have an imp of wit that hunger cannot entirely dispel, and few of them can divest themselves of the national dignity, so absurdly out of keeping with dirt and rags. In the stifled quarter where we now found ourselves it was sadly different. There, poverty had no mock dignity, no bitter jest, only frowns and curses. There, want, without a smile, surrendered itself to starvation. It had been warm and sunny in the Plaza, but in these avenues of adversity, though there was heat, indeed, it was the heat of fever, and the chill of pinching need contended with it.

The streets we were traversing were very narrow, so that the houses though no higher than barracks, were yet high enough to cast intermingling shadows, and keep the broken pavement always in the dark. For the same reason, filth and offal piled up in heaps before the grimy doorways, lingered damp and evil, never being exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The windows of the houses, mere square holes cut in the walls, likewise held each its rotting burden of old rags, decaying vegetables, broken pots and vessels. From this mass a greasy distillation oozed down the whitewashed wall, which absorbed it before it reached the ground.

The first floor of these grimy huts appeared to be divided into two cells, one of inner darkness which the eye could not penetrate, and the other, dimly lighted, that seemed, in every instance, to be used as a workshop. The bench and tools were there, but rarely a workman. Shops of every kind were represented in these streets, squalid copies of those of the Sierpes; linen drapers, indicated by scarfs of vulgar hue, dangling in the wind, and dingy fringed towels hung up in the casement. There were fuel shops that sold small paper bags of carbon, and bundles of wood, three inches in diameter, and scarcely an inch thick; provision shops, with dirty windows, displaying cheese, fish cooked in oil, a measure of Spanish beans, and a handful of eggs, that ought long ago to have been chickens. There was—it seems incredible—a jeweler's establishment, and on one corner a café boasted green doorposts and three windows. Humbler places of refreshment were frequent. Except these, where men and women were lounging in sullen companionship in and out of the doors, none of the shops seemed to have customers. The few purchasers we saw were haggling with the hucksters of the paving stones. All down the street women had spread mats to hold beans, oranges, loaves of bread, shaped

like Roman lamps, and tiny squares of chocolate, and the pedestrian was forced to pay close attention to his feet for fear of treading upon something edible.

By the multitude of these trafficking women the houses might be supposed to have emptied their inhabitants in the street, had not the windows, almost without exception, displayed an animate bundle of rags above that inanimate heap before remarked. These were women who peered down at the strangers through suspicious black eyes, and interchanged uncomplimentary remarks about them with their business sisters. The women at the windows seemed to be the aristocrats of this quarter; their grade being denoted by their finding time to do something for themselves. The nature of the work did not invariably exile them to their own interiors; they could prepare a simple puchero against their husband's return, or carry the invading comb into the tangled tresses of their children, in the full glare of publicity. Especially when she was occupied in the latter duty, did the female aristocrat draw around her quite a little court of women. Children collected also, but they came to enjoy the screams and wry faces of the victim. From these employments the strangers were an attraction powerful enough to call away the

women, and to draw off the children. They gazed after us with sharp eyes and open mouths, and on our venturing to stop and put a question about the way, or making as if to enter a hovel, they drove us onward with prodigious vituperation. The men, on the other hand, displayed a certain surly politeness, so that when we grew tired of wandering up and down this miserable quarter, we applied for a guide among the male inhabitants to conduct us back to the light. Our choice, though made at random from a knot of idlers in front of a wine-shop, turned out to be a happy one; Christiano, or Christianito, as he said he preferred to be called, making good his promise to take us *alguna parte*, anywhere, and entertain us on the way with a full recital of his family history.

Christianito was a man of about forty, tall and thin, with a dryly humorous face of a dark and unnatural color. He wore on his head the *gorro grande*, large cap, which he removed at every street corner to gesticulate with, and lend vivacity to his explanation, that if we would take the trouble to go a very little way in this direction, and then give a *vueltecita*, a very little turn, we would have evidence of his surpassing ability as a guide. He said, and he evidently believed,

that we had been providentially led to him that afternoon, for having started out in the morning with money entrusted to him for a certain purpose by his wife, he had the misfortune to lose it, and at the very moment we accosted him he was racking his brains for some means to replace it, or, failing in that, to offer his Catujita (his little Kate) an acceptable excuse. When we asked Christianito what he did for a living, he replied that his wife took in sewing in which he sometimes assisted her; but he frankly confessed that he could not bear to work in a fashion so unbecoming a man. But as he had not been brought up to any profession, and not being *jorobado* (hunchbacked), could not beg, he was forced to stifle his ambition. In response to a delicate question, Christianito told us that his Kate was a masterpiece of nature, well shaped, neither too tall nor too short, and well stocked with wit. She was a great comfort to him, and he had never regretted his choice; yet he found in Catujita one great defect. What is that defect? "Jealousy," replied Christianito, gravely, "it goes on worse and worse. Twice in the last month she turned me out of doors (*en la calle*)."

The walk home occupied the best part of an hour, and we suspected that our guide.

calculating that the fee would increase in proportion to the length and the difficulty of the way, took us by a circuitous route. But he diverted suspicion by his conversation. Christianito was an admirable talker—an accomplishment rarely found in Spaniards of his, or, indeed, of any class—quick, piquant, entertaining, often witty, and exposing candidly all of an illiterate man's various and changeable views and impressions. He was very curious to know what had brought us to Seville from that far distant part of Spain, America, and our pronunciation of the Spanish language, which he took to be the dialect of that remote province, amused him very much. In return for answering his questions we asked him many with reference to life in the unclean quarter where we discovered him. But on this point Christianito was non-committal. He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps the quarter was unhealthy, and the inhabitants not so rich as an archbishop; but what would you have? People are born into the world with a certain lot, riches or poverty, and the best course they can adopt is to accept it patiently. Grumbling mends no bones.

Thus, our guide was a philosopher and not a reformer. We were glad to take him as he was, his cheerful conversation acting like a

tonic on our spirits depressed by the grim region we had quitted. Turning into a familiar street we reluctantly dismissed Christianito. He had been a merry quip at the end of a miserable chapter.

Like most tonics, Christianito was succeeded by a deeper fit of depression than the one he had banished. The cemetery of Seville helped us to get rid of it. After that hurried walk in the cemetery of the living, a stroll in the cemetery of the dead seemed less awful. It even comforted us a little. Yet the cemetery of San Sebastian, spread on the plain to the north of the city, may not be said, except by comparison, to awaken any but sad and sombre thoughts. It is a dismal place, without the natural beauty of Greenwood, or the studied sentiment of Père la Chaise. Neither nature nor art take the time to beautify this necropolis, which resembles a city deserted by its builders immediately after they had laid the foundations of their dwellings. Plague, pestilence, or some other evil thing, seemed to have frightened men from raising a superstructure. It is an artificial Pompeii, only the cinders are carefully and reverently brought there, instead of being carted away. The dead are laid above ground, in niches cut out of these foundations, in rows, one above the other, to

the height of six recumbent men. This method brings down with crushing weight on the head of the solitary visitor the sense of his own mortality. He cannot conceal from himself that his case is desperate. It is six to one.

We walked deep among the dead for a half hour, reading the inscriptions over the niches, that in each case sets forth the piety of the enclosed, accompanied by a sentiment concerning death, drawn from some Spanish writer, and confirming our first impression, that Seville possesses no more originality in epitaphs than other cities. These inscriptions are at the same time permanent and temporary. The sentiment, as it is impersonal, is engraved on the stone itself, but the name of the dead man, with the exposition of his virtues, is printed on a detachable plate—Death's door-plate—which can be removed when his lease expires, or sooner, if he fails to pay the rent.

Just within the gate are the offices of the cemetery. These had that heartless, cold air, peculiar to places as well as to people, which see too much grief to be touched by it. Near by is the chamber where the dead person, in a coffin closed with hasps like a fiddle case, passes his first twenty-four hours as a cemetery citizen—that being the time

required by Spanish law to be certain he is dead. The same time serves for the workmen to empty a niche of the bones of his predecessor, and prepare it for his reception. By the gate, also, stands a chapel, in which a little wax figure of a man, with flames around him, the effigy of a soul in purgatory, begs a contribution for its relief. All these buildings are against the wall of the cemetery, and between them and the first block of niches runs a paseo, broad and sandy, with a narrow strip of grass and a row of discouraged trees on either side. Here on Sundays, especially in winter, when there are no bull fights, come hundreds of Sevillians of both sexes, ostensibly to pay their respects to deceased relatives, but really to gossip and quarrel with friends and relatives who are living.

After seeing that cemetery, I think most people will be content with life, however irremediable its evils seem to them, and there can be no doubt they will cheerfully endure it for a period long enough to ensure them against burial there. We departed from San Sebastian with hearts so full of gratitude as to have enriched all the beggars of Seville, if we could have carried it back without spilling. But in the walk across the plain, we came to what we took for the site of the Quemadero, the platform on which Valdez

piled his fagots, and there we paused and poured out the precious ointment of our joy in living on a thing quite as abstract—the century in which we lived. We felt profoundly thankful that human bonfires are not a fashion of our day.

It was not easy to call up the scenes, painted in black and red, that this platform—if it were the platform of the Quemadero—witnessed in that fiery epoch. It was not easy to fill the empty plain with the multitude, and the platform with the great personages of the Church and Seville, but we did our best under the circumstances, and later on we made up the deficiency of apt reflection we deplored in the morning by reading Murray's Hand-book.

Far easier had I found it at home, where that hand-book was a nausea, to imagine the *auto-da-fé*, than on the spot where the flame lighted up the Inquisitor's horrid smile.

I do not know how far the reader cares to go in execrating Valdez, Archbishop of Seville, and it may be enough to say, that to this day the people of the city, who are modern otherwise in their choice of synonyms, use for the symbol of cruelty the name of that remorseless priest. As Inquisitor-general he compelled even cardinals to bend their haughty crests in suit for mercy,

and the people of Seville, indeed, all Spain, were like one neck beneath the axe which he wielded by the vast irresponsible and ill-defined powers vested in him as the head of the Holy Office. In a single year after Valdez had grasped the banner of the tribunal, he had so crowded the prisons of the country, from Valladolid to Seville, that in order to make room for the victims daily caught by his familiars, he was forced to set fire to the fagots in the northern and southern capitals.

Then it was that the Sevillians had provided for them an entertainment that dwarfed the fights of the bull-ring into mere pin-pricking. The populace abandoned to solitude the *Plaza de Toros*, and streamed out of the northern gate to the plain of San Sebastian. Princes, dukes and grand families rode forth with their children, and took their places on canopied balconies erected around the platform of fire. When all was ready, and the Inquisitor had taken his place, the prisoners began their march through the lists, buffeted and jeered by the spectators, not from hate, but because they dreaded the tyrant's suspicious eye. First came the penitents, who were to be reprimanded and set free, as the black gowns they wore denoted. Next, the victims who were to suffer fine and imprison-

ment; their garments were painted with downward pointing flames. In gowns painted with flames darting upward, walked, with feeble steps, the poor creatures whose bodies were to be burned for the salvation of their souls. These halted in front of the platform, beneath the Inquisitor, while the others stood on either side. A sermon was then delivered by one of the archbishop's clergy, and at its conclusion a crier called over the names and crimes of the accused, following each man's name with the sentence which had been passed upon him. The sentences of death were straightway carried into execution. One by one, strong men, who defied the tyrant to the last; delicate women, who shrieked as the inquisitors laid hold of them; all were taken up and bound in the midst of a pile of fagots, the torch was applied, the fire crept up, and—

And—but what is the sequence to the account of these unintelligible horrors? I can think of but one, and that a *non sequitur*. It is pleasant to reflect that a priest in Spain to-day exerts but a personal influence. Like other men, he stands or falls according as he is possessed of human virtues or failings.

XII.

SPRING was coming. Signs were abroad which even northern eyes could read. The orange trees were beginning to look more yellow than green as the fruit outnumbered the leaves; the fronds of the palms waved with more queenly grace as they approached in size the fan of Cleopatra. There were days of rain when the air struck cold and damp to the bones, alternated with clear days when the sun shone as if it were already June. On these days the sky no longer wore, as it had done in the past months, the look of a China blue eye, but gazed down upon us through orbs of a milder, yet deeper, a lovelier blue. It was time to show our ingratitude to Seville, the city that had sheltered us so well, to escape from it as from a prison, taking the key of the fields.

The unrest peculiar to spring spread to our fellow-boarders—the priests—manifesting itself by certain twitchings of their robes to which there is no season, neither summer nor winter, by a minute but appreciable change in the angle of their tri-corners, and they were not unwilling to make a visit to the old convent of San Isidoro at Italica,

their excuse for joining us in a *dia de campo*, a day in the country.

Early one morning we set forth mounted on asses, crossed the iron bridge and clattered through Triana, greeted by as many of the inhabitants as were sober and stirring, with more respect, owing to the priestly convoy, than we were accustomed to from the surly natives, and with less mockery in the customary salutation of which they used the longer form; *Que no haya novedad! Voya ustedes con Dios!* And turning to the right along an excellent road we soon had a distant view of the sequestered convent Cartuja.

At the donkey rate of travel some time must elapse before we reached the convent, but we did not wish to hurry. The morning was lovely; the broken hedges on either side of the road exhibited the cactus in every stage of growth and in every variety of the green color; the young olive orchards sparkled with dew; and, moreover, we were forever turning back to catch Seville's white houses in the act, as it seemed, of hastening towards the cathedral, where the town is densest, to say matins. We passed now and then the high white wall of a farm house or country estate, and here and there we looked in through the open door at the squalor of a

cottage or posada, but we met few travelers either on foot or mule-back, and this environ of Seville seemed to be thinly settled.

It was the more startling, therefore, during this silent ride, to turn a bend in the road and fall suddenly upon a manufactory in full blast; the whirring of potters' wheels drowning the songs of the birds, for the convent dedicated to Our Lady of Las Cuevas is now used for turning out ceramics. It is in the hands of English capitalists who copy the patterns of antique Hispano-Moresque lustre to decorate modern money-breeding wares. The noble church is used for the workshop, and only the chapel remains intact. We lingered an agreeable hour there, examining the sculptures in niches and the carvings of the coro, but the robed portion of our party manifested entire indifference to these things, while they studied with almost childish curiosity the wheels, tools, truss, and every thing in the church workshop. When we had mounted once more, and were following up the Guadalquivir towards Italica, a secular member of the party inquired of a grave father if the sight of the convent so misused was not distressing. His reply seemed curious: "Why should it distress any one?" he returned. "It is answering a need of the times. Had they shut it up and left it to

decay one might reasonably grieve; silence can never take the place of truth, but honest labor partly may."

The village of Santi Ponce, which is the modern name of old Italica, lay about four miles further on, and the road thither, as well as the country on both banks of the Guadalquivir was uninteresting, or would have seemed so any other day but this—our first without the walls. At the convent of San Isidoro we dismounted, and the priests remained in the church while we went on foot to the village. Santi Ponce, built on the site of Italica, is a miserable collection of hovels whitewashed to the foundation, where there is a strong unpleasant juxtaposition of colors, the white wall and the black unpaved street. There were few inhabitants in sight, an old woman or two leaning over the lower half of a door cut in the Flemish fashion, and near the Casino a group of men loutish and ill-favored. We saw no children, but in traversing the hamlet we heard several, and were relieved of the fear of the extinction of this place, lowest in the order of villages. Santi Ponce occupies but one of the seven small hills—the other six have gone to loam and garbage—upon which, like Rome, once stood Italica, a city of wealth and culture under the Roman domination. Scipio Afri-

canus founded this town as a retreat for his veterans, and its rapid growth must have surprised him, while it filled his pockets, if, as in modern times, the founder reserved all the corner lots. Italica gave birth to three Roman emperors: Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius. Under Hadrian it became a Roman subject, and some of the overplus of decoration with which he crowded Rome he permitted to remain here to awaken in the savage minds of the Iberians respect for his authority and veneration for his self-asserted divinity. For a time Seville was left far behind in wealth and population, but the pride of Italica went before a drouth. Its ruin dates from the change in the course of the Guadalquivir, which now finds its way many miles to the left, though formerly it bathed the walls of Italica. The ancient bed of the river is still discernible, and booths are erected there during the annual flicker of animation in Italica's ashes, the Fair of Santi Ponce.

Italica's period of greatest prosperity was under the rule of the Moors, who named the city Ishbil the Old, in distinction from Seville, but after the river had spoiled the land, they quickly surrendered it to desolation, a more faithful master that has relinquished nothing except the stones of the amphitheatre.

tre, and even those had to be taken by force. Some still remain in its grasp, and the circular sweep is still to be distinctly traced between two hills. Different accounts are given of the disposition of the stone of the benches, and the facings of hewn stone of which this Spanish coliseum was constructed, and it is probable that each account is true. Guzman the Good quarried some to build the convent of San Isidoro, where he chose to be buried, and the corporation of Seville, on two occasions, supplied themselves with the antique seats; once for river dykes, and again, in 1774, to make a road to Badajos. A few stones still turn an edge to the sunlight, expectant of excavation, but more are entirely buried, and their mounds and the chasms whence their fellows were drawn, the whole overgrown with brush and weeds, trace out the amphitheatre together. This arena of Italica is as disappointing as most of its contemporaries in various parts of the classical world, none of them lending any assistance to the imagination when it seeks to call up the exciting scenes we know each has witnessed.

To us, wandering hap-hazard over the mounds, came a young priest to announce breakfast, and we accompanied him very willingly to the convent, where, or rather in

a bare little room off the chapel, a sort of secular sacristy, a table had been laid. It was spread with those wonderful dishes of oil, tomatoes and eggs, with more than a sprinkling of red pepper—such as the Spanish love, of which the village padre had the true receipt. Foreseeing our heretical taste, our priests helped out the repast by cold chicken and a goodly provision of sausage, they had seen packed before leaving the Casa Carasa. We ate with appetites as lusty as those of the gladiators who used to refresh themselves near this very spot, after they had returned from a bloody bout in the arena. When these matters of life had been attended to, we could think of those of death, some notable names of people who are buried in San Isidoro hurrying us in mind from the first to the other dread extreme. Among them lie Guzman and his wife, and that beautiful martyr Dona Urraca Ozorio, burned by Pedro the Cruel. Ferdinand Cortez first found rest in peaceful San Isidoro, after his troubled and glorious career had closed at Castileja. His bones have been removed to Mexico, but the spirit of the conqueror still haunts the convent, where he was merely, so to speak, a casual guest, or a fleeting tenant.

Returning to Seville by a different route,

we were able to visit Castileja de la Cuesta, where Cortez died, poor and unhonored. Nothing impressed us there with the sense that the shade of the mighty adventurer revisits the spot where he spent his miserable last years; nothing spoke of his living presence there; no villager could point out to us any of his haunts, nor the house in which he died. Perhaps the dead enjoy in a greater degree than the living the faculty of forgetting the miseries they once endured, and hover over only the places and people that gave them pleasure in life. I cannot imagine any spirit getting pleasure out of Castileja, or wishing to return there. Yet from the little plaza on the summit of the hill, the view one obtains of Seville, her plains, and the Sierra Morena beyond, is worth all the squalor and wretchedness one must pass through, to get it. Paradise no longer seems so beautiful since a belief in Purgatory was pronounced to be superstition.

We did not linger there all the afternoon, however, for the canon promised us a much finer view farther on; so, strongly opposed by our donkeys, we mounted again, and skirted Seville to the southwest, until we came to a bluff, on the edge of which is situated the village of San Juan de Alfara—where a long line of ruinous wall and a

shattered tower are all that remain of what was once the Moorish river key of Seville. At a quay at the foot of the hill, one can take a boat back to the city, and as we started to climb to the monastery for the view of San Juan, a gay water party were just disembarking. We reached the church without much effort. It is built on the brow of the hill, and from the terrace in front the canon pointed to the beautiful landscape open below us, with a pardonable expression of "I told you so."

Really he had told us we should see the most beautiful natural picture in all the world, and he had not to be a Spaniard to say so. There lay Seville spread in the plain, like a lazy Sultana in her bath. All white she seemed at first in the ardent rays of the afternoon sun—but after a little, colors grew out of the colorless scintillations. The Moorish turrets sparkled like emeralds and turquoises, and the high pink Giralda lifted itself over all, like the massive, polished arm of a beautiful Goth. The green and gold plain extended behind the city to the horizon, where it rose with a slight undulation like a wave to touch the sky. Groves and plantations, distant as well as near, were so clear and distinct that we could almost count the trees, and yet we could not make out the

city of Carmona where it was designated for us, owing to that same African whiteness which blends so well with the sun.

We crossed the village to descend,⁴ and were surprised to find what a poverty-stricken place it was. Often in looking at it from Seville we had admired that little group of houses, hanging like a seagull on the edge of the river. We had not the same misgiving in regard to its perpetuity which we had felt for Santi Ponce. There are swarms of children in San Juan—swarthy, almost black young ones, thin and nearly naked, that remind one of a crowded nest of robins. Poor as the people are they live in what looks like a luxuriant paradise. The orange and olive gardens which surround the village looked more productive and abundant than those we had passed in the morning.

The way back lay through an *intervale* among lovely little hills. On both sides, and extending to the summits, were fine country places, some with handsome summer houses, the blinds of which were tightly drawn, indicating that the time of migration from the heat of Seville had not yet come. Many of these places had ornamental gardens in front of the houses, and avenues of palm trees which led up from the gate-way. Mentally resolving to obtain permission to visit one of

these deserted places, we crossed an immense orange grove that stretched almost down to the tide, and for the rest of the way back to Triana we rarely lost sight of the swirling torrent.

The sun had just set when we reached the Triana bridge, and turned over our beasts to the muleteers waiting there. While the rest of the party hurried home we remained to watch the passers-by. Two streams of people meet here at this hour, the working men and women of Triana, who earn their bread in Seville, and the laborers of that city who work in the manufactories of Triana. Among them were many beautiful women, with wonderful eyes that flashed opalescent, and their brilliant dresses and uncovered heads, each with a carnation or rose, made a lively, phantasmagoric procession. It was soon past, and the warm, human darkness of southern latitudes had fallen.

Shadows crouched blackest where the houses of the Barrio of Triana came down to the very edge of the river; on the other bank, white poplars behind a row of osiers swayed in the gentle breeze like kindly ghosts, whose pale silvery shrouds looked purple in the obscurity. The green wall of verdure made by the gardens of Las Delicias had grown into a black, impenetrable mass, and only the

Great River, as it swept on its majestic course, seemed, by the lights that gleamed and died on its trembling surface like the starts and exclamations of a troubled sleeper, to remember there was such a thing as day.

Alarming but delicious was this sudden change from turmoil to quiet. We heard with regret the foot-fall of returning pedestrians, and the rattling of chains of a boat about to leave the roadstead. The boat drifted away, the people glided past, and a silence clear and deep, like that of the stars, descended again. Now a dark shape—the boating party—makes its way up stream. The guitars, touched softly, give breath to the quaint, Moorish sequidilla. The song floats low like a perfume, and mingles fraternally with the perfume from the banks—compounded of flowers, of fruits and the spring-scent of the earth. It is the good-night kiss of sleepy nature.

XIII.

BY to-morrow the Duke of Montpensier will have returned from Madrid and closed the gates of his San Telmo garden upon us. To-morrow those palms and oranges, those walks and avenues will fade into memories, dimly seen like the smile of a woman at a bal-masqué, behind the purple silk of her domino.

To-morrow! Ah, let us visit them again to-day.

Never did that glorious garden of San Telmo seem as luxuriantly beautiful as it did when we went there for the last time, knowing that it was the last. When we entered the garden, after passing through the large, light and common-place suits of the palace (a brick edifice in the Italian style, where the emptyings of galleries are hung, and Ary Scheffer is king) we received a sullen welcome. The walks, which conducted to the avenue of the park, had scarcely left the trim lawn under the palace windows, before wild grass and creeping plants took them prisoners; the trees were swathed with parasitic vines up to their lowest branches, and the avenue itself appeared to extend but a short

distance, and then to end in an inextricable jungle. Nature had hung up a sign to warn off trespassers. Nevertheless, we disobeyed her. We climbed the rise of ground which obstructs the avenue, and which, covered by a bed of viscid leaves, gave the effect of a solid wall of verdure, and we had our reward. Beyond lay the garden, and we saw a landscape where art is natural and where nature is artistic; where art has followed original instincts, where nature is tended, and where both have formed a garden that might be likened to a room which is neat but not too well kept. But that is a disproportionate comparison, for in this oasis there is an intoxicating mystery—a mystery that draws us on like desire.

I do not know how many acres this garden of San Telmo contains within its walls. They cannot be many, and with that vague statement I am content. In truth, I should be sorry to read an intelligent explanation which would clear up the artifices of the gardener; which would thread the labyrinth of its walks and allées. Perhaps the wish to keep San Telmo for a delightful torment belongs to the family of wire-drawn sentiments, but I think otherwise. There is a reason for it which love accepts if curiosity does not—and to know who suffers from a conflict be-

tween love and curiosity, one has only to read the myth of Cupid and Psyche. Who is so impious as to question why the Creator of the world set a stream to meander through a particular valley? Who thinks of Eden save as a mysterious beauty?

I hesitate to compare San Telmo to Eden, where some serious, some worshipful influences surely breathed in the air. San Telmo is not a serious garden, and from it, as from Saracenic architecture, all solemnity and aspiration are banished. Here Adam might have been able to conquer his inclination to prose, and Eve would have thought only of putting flowers in her hair.

See yonder tall elm, trained to bend like a poised scimitar over the path; see that knoll, composed of masses of intertwined blue and yellow flowers. San Telmo is a Moorish garden, and no race but the Moors would have indulged such dainty feminine fancies.

It seemed to me—but that may have been mere lack of observation—there were few birds or winged insects, and little animal life of any kind in this park, as if the Arabian gardeners had wrested the precinct from wildness to bend it to their Koran-ordained ornamentation. The trees are not allowed to grow naturally, except in the second rank and in the thickets. Those bordering the

walks possess no wild or common traits. They follow, in the outspread of their branches, the decorous lines of stuccoed walls; elms join their highest hands in the arch; palms tower in the midst of flowering shrubs like minarets over villages; the low walls of the bitter oranges, with their gleaming yellow fruit, constitute a broad base to sustain the slender pillars and the acute angles of the pines, laden with stalactites. Here we walk through an enormous Hall of Ambassadors, done in green and purple and picked out in gold.

Is a conventional picture called up by these words? San Telmo is not a conventional garden. It may once have presented a close copy of a gaily tinted interior. Happily, nature has interfered and blended colors and softened outlines until the original plan has faded into a vague impression. The Alhambra, as we see it, is doubtless more beautiful than in Boabdil's time, when the colors were fresh. And I prefer San Telmo in its present period of transition. One may be glad that once it was pruned and trimmed into an abnormal, fantastic, open-air in-doors, but one is more apt to be glad that the knife operated years ago. Farther within, where the walks grow narrower, the impression of a set design entirely vanished. The sunlight flickering

through rifts in the leafy roof, gave shades to innumerable colors of green. The breeze brought us whiffs of spicy odors, the breath of oleanders and Linderaxa's roses. We seemed to be drawing near some temple where a heathen rite, the incense of which already intoxicated us, was celebrating, as we entered those cool, silent depths of dark verdure where the light faded. Nevertheless it was always morning in that enchanted park. It had a morning breath like an infant's, sweet, odorous, moistly warm. The sky and the leaves, even at midday, blended into a beautiful color which was neither blue nor green. And from those mysterious visions of cypress glades that we saw far, far down behind countless layers of leaves there arose thin bluish vapors like ghosts. Another sign peculiar to morning.

Seek out in this sensual forest, an arbor covering a hillside where the roots of the cypress trees have returned on themselves and made a tent in the air—a crusader's tent guarded by a gigantic tree, the Templar of the garden. No melancholy funereal tree is this majestic cypress which would dwarf the grave of any but a god. It is old, and with the passing of the centuries, it has grown more firm and more colossal, showing its age only by the increased grayness of its bark,

by the division of its trunk into sections, a glorious assemblage of white and furrowed trunks, like the columns that support the roof of a Gothic cathedral, and by an added depth of blackness to its sombre and massive verdure. After having seen this tree, I believe in the centuries of Methusaleh.

Might all I have said about San Telmo be written of other gardens? If so, it is false. Other gardens have in them something spiritual; San Telmo is sensual. Its sward is softer, its mossy cushions deeper, its shade gayer than any place save Irem. The sunshine falls there like flecks of light on dazzling tiles, the shades are only purple iridescences. And they are not for thought. A book would be out of place in San Telmo. Abdoolah of Khorassan might have received his first disgust of literature while walking in these adorable avenues.

Nature here is a coquettish nymph, tripping ever ahead and ever looking back over her shoulder with an inviting smile on her lips. Follow, but do not chase her, do not make the mistake of pursuing her in earnest. San Telmo has nothing to offer to serious people, to fanatics or lovers. Copy the smile on her lip, call to her with gay words, and if she still advances, seat yourself upon some mound, or in an arbor, or against a mossy

bank, and wait till she steals slowly behind you, stifling her laughter (the gush of a brook) and lays her white hand on your shoulder—soft as the caress of rustling leaves—and whispers in your ear vague promises like the murmur of the breeze through the young grass. The nymph of this garden will never disturb you by perplexing and unanswerable questions. She is no Egeria to give advice. But she will make you her sultan, and with soft accents, with tender caresses, that heat and calm at the same instant, she will wrap your soul into a bliss that to be conserved must not be solved. Gradual, but irresistible, is the working of her charm. With her flickering and fascinating wand she metamorphoses man—before a discord in the harmony of these gentle surroundings—into her creature, while her soft breath fans his very soul, and steals him away from the world. Where is the world? What is it? We are not of it. By her magic she quickens qualities we did not know we possessed, or which we thought life had crushed. She restores almost a feminine delicacy to our ears, to our eyes, to our brains; we give ourselves up to a momentary innocence; we live as plants live, as charming young domestic animals live, without fear, and without envy.

We do not think, we do not moralize, and we do not wish to act:

At our feet the tiny mosses, the grotesque fungi, the ferns, inspire us with the feeling of relationship. Are they only plants, or are they children of strange shapes, radiantly playing in their eternal youth? And above our heads the trees take many human forms, but all caressing; the paternal cypress, the virginal poplar, the pensive beech, the weeping willow—by some such attributes the Faun must once have designated them.

And all the time the garden lengthened and widened into a continent, and we saw through the impenetrable roof to the sky—bright, but soft as a baby's fingers, that reached down and grasped the topmost leaves. Ah, we were young, we were happy—we dreamed! we dreamed!

Somewhere within this garden, but I could not tell the seeker how to find it, there is a pond of bituminous water, with a green knoll on one bank, where the dryade of San Telmo has made herself a garden of gay colored flowers. The enchanting spot is surrounded by proud elms and birches, whose tops bend over and make a vast canopy, beneath which sleeps the nymph. The pond is full of water, still and black, and Egyptian lilies fringe its

edge where the vulgar bulrushes have left them space to swim.

On the other bank rises a singular aggregation of tree trunks, like a tower. The branches form almost the angles of architecture, and the square mass of foliage above constitutes a verdant mirador. The trunks of the trees are swathed with lichen, in festoons, and from every fork of the branches droop mistletoe and ivy in wild arabesques.

With her finger on her lip, the dryade pointed out to me that mirador where, behind the lattice of vine and leaf, near the cool water, the jealous Arab-Sultan of this wood shuts up his princess. Reclining by day on the knoll I fancied I heard agitating sounds proceeding from that tower, which is a dungeon; laughter like the gush of a fountain; tinkling of bracelets and girdles of precious metals; sighs; and once I saw, as if a white finger had brushed aside a leaf, the flash of an eye on the water, like a shooting star trailing its fiery wake.

If I could have contrived to watch a moonlight hour on that knoll, who doubts—I do not—but that I would have seen Zorayda come down to the water's edge, mirroring the crescent in her full eyes—breathing on the night a perfume as of flowers?

XIV.

THE brilliant spring sun put torpor in our blood, and notwithstanding the presentiment we had of future regret for time wasted, we lay all our waking hours staring at the sky. About this simple act which might have seemed impertinent as well as lazy at home, there appertained in Seville a certain sort of power. For, though we were always vanquished in the end by the implacable intensity of the light, yet so long as we could look the sky seemed to retreat and its azure grew deeper, like the hue on the cheek of a self-conscious beauty. This unequal and humiliating contest was carried on of mornings in the patio of the Carasa, over which had not yet been drawn the velarium or awning roof, and we varied it by withdrawing to our oratory rooms, ostensibly for a siesta, but really to stare out of the narrow window at the narrow street, which baked and burned and seemed to try to escape from the fiery sun shower by crowding as closely as possible up to the stuccoed houses. The donkeys followed this example and edged leisurely along the walls, leaving only a narrow path in the full glare for the unhappy pedestrian.

And as he mopped his dripping brow we drained an unglazed jug of cold water and laughed, so hard our hearts had been baked in this oven of Seville.

We were thrown upon our own resources in these eventless days. The cadets remained indoors, pretending to prepare for the algebra examination, and the priests slept all night and most of the day, in order to lay up a store of strength for the arduous labors of Holy Week, which was near at hand. Clearly there was nothing left for us but to dream away the hours in the Carasa's portico, but we foresaw the day of repentance and sometimes forcibly broke the drowsy spell.

It was in one of those spasms of reform that at noon of the hottest day we had experienced, we stumbled upon a square to the south of the Nueva, a tiny square white as lime could make it, bounded by two-story white houses and looking as if it had been scooped out of a sugar-loaf to serve as a bowl for a cover of lapis-lazuli sky. There were no trees in the square, and there were no green blinds to the houses, and yet its color was so splendid as to remind us of Seville's African descent. It was a market day, and fruits and vegetables in many varieties were exposed for sale there, which were of colors gorgeous enough to complete the intoxication of an

already drunken impressionist. Olives—large, lovely olives that had by good luck escaped the oil mill, and deep green melons formed an enchanting bed, on which had been thrown in confusion and carelessly, but I think with an eye to effect, clusters of clear, yellow grapes, like amber beads; tangerine oranges with coats of red-gold reminding one of the flavor within, and pomegranates that had burst their rinds in falling and spilled some rubies for the first marauding hand. Near the centre of the square the vegetables were heaped, and mats piled high with chick-peas, like a pale-gold rampart, by accident or design, separated the vulgar from the aristocratic classes of this gorgeous kingdom. Yet there were interlopers, as there always are, even in the *crème de la crème*, and these were the fiery red peppers which swung down in garlands and touched with the least movement the foot of Monsieur Melon, or grazed the face of Mademoiselle Pomegranate. Moreover the grapes—for there are always aristocrats who lean toward the people—scaled the rampart and hung in heavy clusters of a bluish color, or in bunches which were of an amethystine hue, almost within reach of the flaunting cabbage and the vulgar onion. At the first glance it all looked like the contents of an enormous

basket emptied in the square. But a second look showed that the pile was divided into many heaps, beside which proudly sat the fruit sellers, some of them as gayly attired as their vegetables, protected from the sun only by their paper fans held against the cheek. They had been sitting there the whole morning and not a woman had been sun-struck yet. As the sun climbed they advanced the little fan against him, and continued chattering with that Andalusian volubility which is graceful even in the market women.

The same gayety and animation was visible everywhere throughout the city at the approach of summer. A great many of the ordinary occupations of housekeepers were carried on in the balconies, in full view of the passers-by, and our eyes found nothing to hinder them from looking through the large grated windows and glass doors into the interior of the houses. As we paused to look into a patio with marble columns, which was crowded with flowers, the skins of tomatoes, which some one in a balcony was peeling for dinner, would fall at our feet, or, by bad luck, on our heads, but as this was equally apt to befall the oldest and gravest citizens, we concluded it was not meant as a gentle hint for the strangers to move on. Every body looked in the windows at girls

sewing or playing the piano or the guitar; but nobody seemed to regard this as intrusive; on the contrary, all continued their work without self-consciousness and without annoyance.

Pinks in the balconies, and myrtle, pomegranates, and oleanders grouped about a marble basin in the centre of the patios, where a slender thread of water rose and fell, worked a wonderful transformation in these old streets of Seville. It was difficult to believe they were the same streets which had looked so tortuous and dark in the winter. But the ancient buildings had a character too marked for us to ever mistake, having once seen them. Our confusion arose from perceiving what a gay interior the rough walls, with coarse carvings near the roof and over doors and windows, frequently enclosed. The night time, however, was the real festival of the patios. Then walking about the streets was like a promenade through a succession of drawing-rooms. At this season the family bring down sofas and chairs, upholstered in horse-hair, and set them, along with the piano, in the arcades, while cane-seated chairs and the beloved rockers are scattered about among the palms and oleanders. Bird cages hang from the shrubbery, and quinqués on the piano, candles

everywhere, and the great lantern suspended near the centre, light up a true Andalusian scene. With the linen awning striped with gay colors, called in Spanish a toldo, the floor tiled with bright contrasting marbles, the numberless flowers and the thick leaves of hortensia and orange, and with—ah, with the beautiful Sevillian ladies in summer gowns of high colors, flitting about like human flowers, these patios are enchanting as Irem! Guitars suspended on the walls cast brilliant reflections out of the shadow as the light glinted on their varnished surfaces, and beside them hung the brown disks of tambourines. Everything betokened the love of life; everything invited to the song or to the dance, and we were often unbidden, but none the less welcomed spectators of the gay measure and listeners to the sentimental carol. I say "we," but really these guests at the gate included all chance pedestrians, who were at liberty to stop to listen to the music without giving offence, and when it ceased go on their way.

As April grew older the fierce Andalusian sun waxed more terrible. With every turn he seemed to crack a whip-lash of fire that drove us with tingling faces into the refuge of the shadowy Carasa. The Cura laughed at me when I complained of the heat, and

bade me remain until the true summer came if I wished to comprehend the might of the sky monarch. "Wait," he said, "until it is so hot they are obliged to cover the Sierpes with an awning."

At night it grew decidedly cooler, and when we were not making a tour of the patios, we used to go down to the river bank where crowds flocked to breathe the refreshing breeze. This was a most romantic promenade of moonlight nights, when the provident alcalde puts out the lamps. On the stone benches along the wall that separates the walk from the quay, many women were sitting, that seen in the dim light under the trees and in a moment of silence, resembled pretty reclining statues by a modern sculptor. There were not many moments of silence, and the pretty uncovered or lace veiled heads were commonly nodding in rapid movements like a humming-bird's, and black eyes flashed and white teeth glistened in the checkered moonlight, while silvery voices and repressed outbursts of laughter echoed along the line.

One night we walked here with Don Ceferino, the cadet, and we knew not whether to be ashamed or diverted by his behavior. At his caprice he would stop before any woman and give her an expressive glance;

when she did not look up he would attract her attention by rapping his cane on the pavement. No one seemed to feel insulted, but all either smiled pleasantly in return for the implied flattery or laughed outright, while a few more forward answered his grotesque gesture of admiration with absurd grimaces, which mightily pleased their neighbors and sent our military friend off into a roar of laughter. So frank and mischievous seemed to be both parties to this childish game, that it would require a stern pessimist to discover any harm in it. But in my opinion there are no pessimists in Seville, especially in spring; the air is fatal to them.

Early in the evening we followed every body to the promenade of Las Delicias. Those gardens which we had always loved were a thousand times more attractive now in their spring garb that had come no man knew when. Roses and carnations were blooming everywhere, in the plants and in the cheeks of the Sevillians, who had washed off the protective coats of cristilla they had worn in the winter. Many ladies whom we had often seen driving in their carriages in the afternoon now came on foot with their children. The younger beauties also became pedestrians, coming to the paseo in parties of two or more under the escort of an old

aunt or mother. Behind these parties hovered the youths waiting for a sign of encouragement to come forward and join the group. Other ladies who had arrived at the age of disinterested gossip take their seats in chairs arranged in circles, and hold their tertulias under the trees.

For a time the scene is a very animated and changing one. There is much walking about and shifting of places, but at length the tertulias are filled; Casilda has summoned the right young man; her old parent has secured a seat to her taste, and the multitude have settled themselves for two or three hours' placid enjoyment. Nobody moves anything but his tongue for that space of time, except the boys who carry about lighted matches for the smokers' accommodation; or the old women running up and down, praising their fruits and dulces; or the waiters of a neighboring café bringing ices and sherbets to their patrons. It is entertaining to follow these waiters on their rounds and hear the orders they take for different drinks, all harmless as water, but none of them water—pshaw! The Spaniard is sober, but he has a mortal aversion to drinking water clear—he always puts something in it, the favorite thing being sugar-curls, which each individual seems to call by a different name—azu-

carillos, espenjados, doledos, are some of them—but there are many other designations, and all of them mean nearly the same thing.

But what have we to do with the commonplaceness of drink? The Spanish moon is up and throwing her spell on the people. In every group a guitar softly tinkles; in the mysterious walks promenaders show their gliding shadows; tender couples, in tune to the music, are cooing on chairs and benches, and the scene has all the luxuriance of romance which poets have taught us to look for in Spain, and which we would weep not to see.

* * * * *

So we staid on—lingering irresolute, with trunks half-packed, meaning to go each day, to escape the heat and the crowd, and charmed into remaining yet another day, by the moon as it came to rise. The days were full of regret for wasted time; the nights were full of moonlight.

Meantime, portents of summer thickened. Tourists were upon us—tourists with bulky note books, a glance askance at which reminded us that we could not add a foot to the stature of La Giralda nor a color to the Alcazar without being found out. A party of German travelers were at the *Madrid*, and

at Mariana's—so our old friend, the cadet, stopped on the street to tell us—two young Englishmen, in knickerbockers, had engaged board. Lastly, a sacristan's assistant, a paltry fellow who had seen us scores of times hand-in-glove with the archbishop, came forward one day when we chanced to stray into the cathedral and inquired if the *Inglesas* cared to step into the sacristy to see the Pacheco?

That decided us, and doubt disappeared. The choice was ours no longer. *Adios, Sevilla*, we said, and added, with full hearts *hasta la otra vista!* But, ah! we said this in English, for people say what they mean, in their native tongue—"Good-by, Seville, and may we see you soon again!"

THREE TOLEDAN DAYS.

THREE TOLEDAN DAYS.

I.

WE went to Toledo in the winter when visitors are advised to stay away. The weather treated us very considerately, however, and we have no complaint to make of it. The citizens of the capital of the Visigoths are much sharper and colder than the weather. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Fonda de Lino—the barrack which outrages the name of hotel—is a den of thieves. It gave us animated beds, it supplied nine meals of beans which we must eat or starve, and it charged Paris prices for both. But—chiefest indignity—it introduced us to Alexis Amaudry.

Alexis Amaudry was an "illustrious Gaudisart;" he sold a *première qualité* of sparkling sillery, and came twice a year to Toledo. He was so polite as to offer his services as guide, and for that reason, and because he was the essence of good nature and full of poetry, we tried to be grateful to him. Nevertheless Alexis Amaudry was an unmitigated bore.

He never talked of wine, but constantly of the picturesque, of which, as well as chocolate, he was passionately fond. Through him we made the acquaintance of all the chocolaterias of Toledo.

That first afternoon Alexis carried us to the sword manufactory, although we longed to pay a preliminary visit to the cathedral. On the way we passed under the Gate of the Sun, but we were not yet prepared to admire its simple yet massive proportions. The gate stands half way between the steep ascent to the Alcazar and the steep descent to the bridge of Alcantara, and our untutored minds reckoned it a rude construction of brick which we could not place, neither with the dainty monuments left by the Moors, nor with the rugged but noble ruins that are Gothic.

We did not cross the river, but held along the sloping highway to the Cambron Gate, whence we emerged from the city and scrambled down, accompanied by dislodged pebbles and showers of dust, to a road that winds in the fertile vega between the walls of the city and the Tagus. This wide and well-kept road follows around the upper half of a circle marked out by grass-grown hummocks, but so dimly that scarcely any idea is presented to the mind of him who hears that this was the Roman circus in Marcus Fulvius' time

when Toledo was Toletum. The circus is like Toledo; so old and so far gone in decay that it deadens rather than quickens the imagination striving to resurrect its past. The Primate City chokes the mind with a thick dust of concentrated antiquity. If I had been told that its hill was Ararat and the town upon it the dust heap of the Ark, I would have accepted the statement with stolid credulity.

Such a state of mind has its drawbacks. It renders disappointing every thing not of the oldest. Where so much was too antique to longer count among things of account, I got the impression that the Fabrica de Armas was a contemporary of the circus, and used to furnish weapons to its gladiators. I felt, not a surprise merely, but a bitter pang, when I saw that the Fabrica is still above ground, an ugly modern building that might stand in Connecticut without exciting remark, and engage in supplying the wants, in the knife and fork line, of the people of this generation. How can one keep in mind the romance, brave deed, noble life that a Toledo blade suggests, after one visits the prosaic surroundings where the sword was forged and tempered? If I tried, I might succeed in describing the various departments of the factory; (Alexis dragged us through them all) I might say

that the smiths have their forges on the ground floor and the pattern makers and workers in aqua fortis have theirs on the second floor. I might tell how many men are employed, but the result I would obtain from these statistics is one I wished to forget—that I had visited a poor second rate manufactory whose past glory is tarnished by a modern struggle for existence. Such vague ideas as I gathered of the workmen and their methods I made haste to forget upon regaining the plain, and I eagerly relaid the stones of my imagined workshop fit to give swords to the Cid, to Alonzo of Cordova and Medina Sidonia.

We did not return to the city as we had gone out, by the Cambron, but turned to the right and scaled a steep embankment under the frown of a lofty black façade. This was St. John of the Kings, built by Ferdinand and Isabella as their sepulchral chapel, but in which they are not buried. We walked the length of the ugly, blind, west wall of the building, and vigorously pounded the knocker of a heavy but half decayed door. In response, a woman leaned out of a window over the gate, and, without speaking, threw down a great iron key. Alexis instantly fitted it into its ward, we stepped within, and the woman pulled to the door, leaving us to feel

our way down a short flight of steps in almost total darkness. When our eyes had suited themselves to the faint light, we found that we were in the museum, or curiosity shop, of the old Franciscan convent. Broken tiles, smashed columns, fragments of Moorish well-curbs and bits of carving littered the floor, and a rude bench was next to the wall. Under an arch at the farther end a subdued light entered. It was a pointed Gothic arch, and, passing through, we obtained a vista of many Gothic arches—the cloister of the convent, a gem of Isabella's building.

The part surprise has to do with our pleasure can hardly be overestimated, and, I think, we needed just such an ugly husk as the outside of this cloister in order to appreciate its jewel-like beauty. Much to the relief of Alexis, who had been, in a measure, cast down by our indifference in the sword works, we did not repress the exclamations of delight that rose to our lips at sight of these exquisite marble corridors. The cloister is Gothic, but Gothic in little. No awful solemnity reigns in these arches, but the builder displays a human, even a tricky, spirit; he seems to have played a little with his art, but without vulgarizing it. The walls are low, the arches loving, the columns slender to fragility, and the man who built here could have had no

sympathy with the haughty Ximenez. Luckily, the cardinal did not see this cloister until after it was completed and had received the sanction of Isabella's approval. Nowhere else in Gothic art can one find such a graceful bending of its stateliness, without loss of caste, to the small, the modest, the light. This Franciscan cloister is the child—the only child—of Gothic architecture. All other forms of it are austere grown up.

The restorers have been called into these cloisters, but they have done their work admirably, and there is not, as there would be in a damp climate, a painful contrast between the fresh marble and the old, that has changed but to a deep yellow in four centuries. Besides, the copyist finds his work easy here, the prevailing character of the carving being susceptible of modern imitation. There is such diversity of ornament between every pair of arches that if the sculptor lets his chisel work out any tracery of leaves, or fruit, or twining vines, or grotesque forms of men and animals, he can hardly go wrong.

We entered the chapel not by the door, but by means of a narrow, dusty and dusky staircase, and a veritable hole in the wall, through which we crawled and then stood on a hanging marble gallery overlooking the great nave. The church, notwithstanding

much carving of badges, shields and inscriptions, is pitifully bare. It has but one altar, which stands at the western end, adorned with a handful of artificial flowers in common vases.

San Juan, however, is not responsible for its poverty in monuments. At one time as rich as Westminster, it has, more than any other Spanish church, suffered outrage and spoliation in times of war. Itself the outcome of a victory, it has sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. La Houssaye was its last and worst despoiler, although he is said by some to have made an effort to save the chapel by giving over the cloister to the torch and sword of his soldiers. The Spaniards do not say this. With them he is in such bad odor that they do not hesitate to affirm he caused step ladders to be brought into the church in order to reach and demolish a dado of angels' heads carved round the walls, and swore like a fiend, because they were too short. These children's faces, encircling capitals and pillars, still smile at you with lovely lips and eyes, and it is for the purpose of obtaining a good view of this unique decoration, the visitor is brought to inspect the chapel from the gallery.

Leaving the convent we went along a street that is more alley than street, and more like

the rear of an Irishman's cabin than either. It afforded difficult footing except where garbage and cinder heaps raised the declination of the hill to the level of the cottages. This way followed at a safe elevation the windings of the roaring Tagus, and conducted to the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, once a synagogue, standing in what was anciently the Jews' quarters. In front of their doors sat dark-hued women looking with a sad expression at their hair. At first we took them for daughters of Israel mourning by the waters of Babylon. A second look told us they were not Jewesses, and their hair-tearing was a penance ordered by necessity rather than sentiment.

Santa Maria is a poor ghost, an attenuated spirit of dismal whiteness projected against a black cave. The roof is blind, and light enters through the portal like a nervous girl ready to fly at the first word of love. Five octagonal piers lift up horseshoe arches, and piers and arches are thickly whitewashed. A conch-shaped recess behind the high altar alone preserves the dazzling effects of color and fascinating elegancies of detail, which were the enthusiasm of the Morisco twelfth century.

The other synagogue, Nuestra Señora del Transito, where we went next, is better pre-

served. It is not so old and must always have been finer, though not so distinctly Arabic in style. Light is admitted in an agreeable manner by openings around the walls just beneath the splendid Artisonado roof—the latter being the crowning beauty of this temple. The roof was undergoing repairs, and we brought away a clearer vision of scaffolding, piles of tie-beams, barrels of plaster, than of the product of the Moorish artisans. Not that the Spanish carpenters were at work, they were not even pretending, but they were about the premises and made themselves so prominent as to drive out of imagination, as their ancestors had done out of Spain, the turbaned craftsmen.

Speaking as the crow flies, ruins of a palace built by Pedro the Cruel lie near by the Paseo del Transito, and we thought to improve the time by going alone to see them, that is to say, unaccompanied by the obliging Alexis, who began to be too obliging for mere human nature. His untiring and exuberant enthusiasm that went along rolling up adjectives and exclamations like a snow ball, with every step of our progress, at last worried us so that we would have liked to give it a push down the slope into the Tagus and so be quit of it. Alexis had a formula that he used to point out the view, to direct to a carved door,

to lay before a shrine. This was "plus magnifique ! plus pittoresque ! plus drôle !" In despair we wondered for which of our sins Alexis was the punishment.

In a very small and dirty café of the Paseo we seated Alexis, and went out ostensibly to wait for him, but really to lose him. The result was that we lost ourselves, as a cold gleam in Alexis' eye had predicted. The route to Pedro's palace was plain enough on the map; we had but to follow the street called Taller del Moro, after a house reputed to be the most beautiful Moorish building in the city, until we reached the street called Santa Ursula. After that, a blind man could discover the ruined palace. So we said, while traversing the Ursula, with our eyes fixed on a large building at the end. Was this the ruin? No, our map marked it plainly as the convent of Saint Bartholomew. The same invaluable paper informed us that the walls behind the Bartholomew enclosed another convent, the Santa Isabel, behind which, in turn, stood the remains of Don Pedro's palace. Forward, then, to cut through these sanctuaries of the Middle Ages, which still preserve a feeble life, to the barbarism they ameliorated, which is dead.

But the invaluable map did not picture how another street mysteriously joined the

Ursula, and formed almost a complete circle. We made the discovery unaided, and wandered on, climbed steep acclivities, descended into black lanes—meeting now and then a shadowy figure that was swallowed up by the deeper gloom of a portal before we could interrogate it—and twice returned upon our steps, and twice stood before the thick wall of the convent of St. Bartholomew.

We rang the convent bell three times, but nobody came, and again we dragged ourselves—hankering in secret for Alexis—along the unknown wynd, which continues the Ursula. But this time we observed an arch-way, and taking our lives in our hand we plunged beneath it. A steep, narrow lane precipitated us on to the Paseo del Transito. Sidling across, with an eye to Alexis in the café, and clambering down the precipice, we rested on the grass-grown foundation of a bridge that has been washed away, and stared into the Tagus flowing beneath.

It was late afternoon. The sun, setting on the other side of the city, threw slanting, red reflections on the hills, that rose, like cannon balls one above the other, and left the river a sombre, inky stain. The first stars faintly twinkled in the sky. It was still. No sounds came from the city, and the Tagus at this point hushes its angry murmur. We were alone,

yet we were surrounded as we had not been before that day. Goth, Roman, Arab and Christian came down the bank and clamored in our ears the tale of how Toledo had fared at the hand of each. Recollections that the desolate streets could not evoke, now flooded the spot that had seen all these conquerors but yielded to none, that had preserved inviolate its loyalty to nature. The city had kept a sullen silence when we asked it for memories. The barren rock, which had cast off the shackle of a bridge, teemed unsolicited with innumerable voices.

As we listened, another voice sounded in our ears—the voice of Alexis. He stood by us, but we had not heard him descend. He assumed a taller stature. He threw back his head and waved his hand toward the further shore. “Ah!” he exclaimed, “I felt that we are affined. Tell me—without compliment—if we are not affined! *La campagne! La rivière! La nuit!* We love them alike. Come, it is necessary that we go to dine.”

Night hugged close the narrow ways through which we followed our guide, but the sky, when we caught a glimpse of it between the sombre walls, was still roseate. More than ever the city seemed frozen, like that enchanted Eastern capital peopled by stone inhabitants. Sometimes turning a

corner we would see the roof-line of a lofty palace, painted by the sun, but this only increased the superstitious shiver of the lower darkness. At length, when totally *désorienté*, as Alexis expressed it, we came out on an open place and stopped in astonishment. Here it was still twilight—daylight even—and the cathedral, which we were looking at, was a conflagration ignited down to the portals. What surprised us, however, was not so much the unexpected illumination, as the modern appearance of the façade. Square, heavy, and not particularly beautiful, the church might have been a fabric of our own century set down amid the undated buildings of Time. What could we think, we who had been wandering in the caves of Eblis, to come upon something not unknown, the like of which we had seen before?

Yet, as we continued gazing, the light ascended, fading as it went, until the triple crown on the northwest tower flickered like expiring sparks. The mirage of contemporaneousness vanished, and the cathedral fell back into harmony with the surrounding tombs.

II.

TOLEDO cathedral by daylight strikes the same modern note. It hides its huge proportions ingenuously, like a genius stooping to converse with common men. It is not tricky. It does not rear its enormous crest and vast bulk suddenly. Such a *coup de théâtre* is beneath Toledo. Like a mountain, it waits complacently for you to grow into a conception of its immensity.

The first circle of your growth is an endorsement of the accepted opinion, that it is not the exterior, but the interior of this famous church that is so magnificent. What we fancied during our twilight visit is true in daylight and in fact. The architects of the last three centuries have worked their destructive will on the lower part of the west façade, leaving untouched nothing characteristic or beautiful. This sweeping statement does not include every later addition. The northwest tower is fine, although it was repaired in 1660, after a fire. The steeple would be imposing on a less grand building. It rises, a simple square tower, from the base to about 170 feet in the

air, changes to an octagon with turrets and pinnacles, and dwindles to a low spire. The companion tower was left unfinished up to the last century, when an Italian dome, too low, and utterly out of keeping, terminated it.

The sculptures of the circular west window, and the great doorway, were carried out about a century earlier than the northwest tower. Not so glorious as the doorway of St. Catherine, which opens from the cloister, the sculptures of the west doorway nevertheless detach themselves from the gloom cast by the heavy bronze doors, with peculiar effect. The subject is the Last Supper, and our Lord and the twelve apostles sit in deep niches, which are carried up all around the arch. The other great doorways are almost all modernized, and even this one hardly offers a proper vestibule to the interior. That is found in the dusky richness of the recessed Catalina door.

Before this portal and in the cloisters we lingered, almost afraid to go in, lest we should not have our expectations realized. Entering, we stood at the end of the north transept. The view from there is like a glimpse of Paradise. It is the great view of the church; a long sweep into the double aisles about the choir, across the high altar and down the side aisles of the nave. It is a view of grand ex-

panse, remote height, and atmosphere enough for one day of the world. If we could only have been satisfied to stand there for a long, long time, and then gone away!

For the view across the north transept is not merely the pre-eminent view of Toledo; it is the only one. When you abandon it and pass within the nave, or cross to the outer aisle, you lose proportion and perspective, and seem to wander in a big echoing hall. The primate church of Spain is too big and too white; it is St. Peter's, covered with a coat of whitewash. All the rich colors of the profuse painted glass cannot mitigate the gruesome whiteness of the walls, nor transform the church into a sanctuary of a cheerful religion; all its carving, tracery and gilding—in which it is richer than any other Spanish church—leave it gaunt, stern and unlovely. The gloom of Toledo is the temporary absence of light, not the Gothic dusk that the imagination fondly peoples with the rush of wings, or warms with the smile of serene faces. It is not that strange shadowy twilight, where a wraith of sound haunts the silence like a whispered chant; or where we see, phantom-like in the obscure depths, the priest, the nuns, the kneeling devotee, the distant aisles, the slender cross, the haloed saints in their niches, the glimmering robes

of the Virgin, and the long dim reach of sculptured tombs. It is not that profound quiet and brooding gloom, where all the agony and sorrow of the worshippers for four hundred years—their sighs, their tears, their prayers—lie hushed in the peace that passeth understanding. For Toledo does not, as other churches, impress one that here the troubled and despairing cry of the heart, the pent-up flood of grief, that man in his helpless and fleeting life pours out before his Maker, will be stilled forever in the supreme bosom of the church. There is nowhere in its atmosphere that sublime calm which one feels, a calm that passes across the soul like a transfiguration—as the spirit in the Bible passed across the face of the waters.

The truth seems to be that Toledo, to be viewed aright, should be seen in gala. I like to imagine it as it must have looked on a day of civic or religious ceremony; its pavement carpeted with velvets from the looms of Flanders; its walls hung with banners and tapestry; its altars decked with the pomp of drapery and plate; its aisles and choir crowded with courtiers and ecclesiastical grandees, magnificent in vestments of silk and brocade, sparkling with jewels and gold and silver laces. For such a brilliant throng, the stately fabric offers a fitting setting.

But when the lights are out, the banners down, the precious vessels locked up in the chapter-house, like all fabrics erected for magnificent ceremonies, Toledo is not in a state to receive critical visitors. They go about, longing for the hidden things, and looking ill-humoredly at what is left. Yet some of the fixtures are almost unmixed delights. Particularly beautiful is the choir screen, the most gorgeous in Spain, and the feature of the greatest interest in the cathedral. It encloses the whole of the eastern bay of the nave, and is supposed to have crossed the transepts and completely shut them out from the choir. To-day the work of the old sculptors extends but to the transept column, where it joins, at right angles, new carvings in designs of lions and castles. Behind the altar, also, the old screen work has been mutilated to admit that sickening execution in marble, of angels, clouds and rays of light, known as *El Transparente*.

The design of the screen that crosses the nave is an arcade raised upon marble shafts, terminated by pointed arches beneath each of which is a niche containing a subject sculptured in high relief. A delicate balustrade connects the canopies over these sculptures, and along it perch strange figures of humans and beasts commixed, so characteristic of the

mediæval sculptors with whom the spirit of life was the spirit of *naïveté*.

I did not, however, experience as much pleasure in dissecting the sculptures and following up the story told by each one, as in standing off at a little distance and contemplating the screen as a whole, when its effect was like an inspiration. I think I could not listen to one criticising it without loss of temper. I mean, of course, if the criticism were to be directed against the screen as a creation of art, and not against its use here for which there is no defense. It has no right in the cathedral where its vista-breaking presence is almost a crime. Nay, it *was* a crime to erect in this church, which in plan belongs to the French school, a choir and screen so essentially Spanish.

But, inside the choir, we no longer make distinctions of nationality, for it belongs to Magnificence, a country of which we are all citizens, at least, in dreams. It is a church in itself; a church of carved wood, ornamental marble, and shining bronze and brass. There are two rows of stalls, the upper by Berruguete and Felipe de Burgona, and the lower range were carved by Maestro Rodrigo, in 1493. They are pleasing in shape, tall and massive and enriched with tracery, panels and figures of monkeys and other grotesque animals

doing all sorts of acrobatic feats with their tails.

(We went to the chapels—San Ildefonso which enshrines the slab where the Virgin's feet alighted, when she came down to earth to inspire the inception of this cathedral; the Santiago where Don Alvaro de Luna and his wife are buried, and the Santa Lucia, where there is an extremely rich Moorish arch without a bit of connection, except that of gem to casket, to the fine Gothic pointed chapel. We visited others as beautiful and as interesting, but after awhile, human nature wearied of their marbles and gilding and iron work. We thought to rest our eyes upon the more perishable riches of Toledo, the world famous *preciosidades* of this sacred see; the pearl mantle of the silver Virgin, her rings, necklaces and bracelets.

That we did not behold these things was not our fault, but the old sacristan's. Why he suspected us, I cannot say, but he is old, he has lived a long time and acquired a vast experience. We forgave him because he gave us the key to the bell-tower, but he knew we could not steal the bells. This sacristan was an old, old man, with contempt for the human race that sounded a fathom deep for every one of his years. He had a pointed, wizened

brown face, set with little twinkling black eyes—a very mole in appearance, and quite as averse to sunlight. He was shifty and double in his dealings with us, and while accepting fees, never allowed them to soften him. He seemed to have outlived the value but not the greed of money, and he cherished the treasures of the cathedral in the same miserly way, loving them as long as he could hide them. He made a number of appointments for us to visit the wardrobe of the Great Queen, but he broke them all. After we had succeeded in wrenching the bell tower key off his girdle, it was useless to beg or bribe him for anything beside.

The journey to the upper regions of Toledo is exceptional. You ascend by a staircase in the archbishop's palace to a gallery thrown over the roof, connecting the houses of the clergy and the servants of the church. This gallery entirely surrounds the upper cloister, and a black stairway leads thence to the tower of the bells. The ascent is repaid by making the acquaintance of San Eugenio, the famous bell that has rung through the length and breadth of Spain, and that determines the rank as a singer of every other Spanish bell. While we stood there the wheel of bells began to move. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and we hastened down to hear the

singing of the lauds. Blasts of sound, like the growls of a giant losing his prey, pursued our descending steps, jarring heavier and growing more and more like the rumble of Polyphemus as we neared the ground. In the gallery the bells suddenly changed their tune and rang out light and airy notes like a soprano chorus, a delightful harmony, which it was difficult to believe came from the same throats that had jangled and threatened in the tower.

Re-entering the cathedral we found it full of sound. A little group of worshippers knelt before the screen of the coro listening to the organ and the chanting of the choir. We drew near, but soon retreated in order to discover the cause of a puzzling echo. The pauses of the service and the silences of the organ were full of voices and instrumental peals. It seemed impossible they could be reverberations from the rafters, and, indeed, the sounds came from the western aisle. We walked thither and solved the mystery. A service in the Mozarabic chapel, with an organ and a choir equal to those of the main church, was going on at the same time. The Mozarabic ritual differs in quantity and not in kind from the Roman. It is still performed daily at the chapel, and is a stronger instance of the durability of the established than even Toledo itself.

We lingered in this chapel to study the fresco on the west wall. It represents the siege of Oran, that Cardinal Ximenez spared neither money nor pains to swell into a tremendous victory, and is in a very bad state of preservation. In its best days, however, it could have had no artistic value, and to say truth, I think the present are its best days. It strikes the eye now like an oasis in the white desert of Toledo. What improvement a few frescoes—even bad ones, would bring to this cathedral! Toledo is grim, unbending, and intolerant. Her attitude is a cold holding up of herself to the staring light of day. She makes hard terms with everything within her gates, beauties as well as defects, and, like a Puritan, neither forces the former on your notice nor withdraws the latter into the graceful evasion of a shadow.

If you desert the main church for certain bye-places, you will find plenty of color. One of these warming pans, as we irreverently called the chapels with pictures, is the Capilla de San Blas, which leads to the summer Chapter House. When we stood on the threshold and looked across the dim-painted chapel into the dimmer-painted Chapter House, it was like looking into the rich heart of a pomegranate. For there are some old

frescoes which have long since gone to red, inside the dusky upper arches of San Blas.

The charm of San Blas, it must be admitted, is stolen from the cathedral. We came here again and again, worn out with the Pallas-like sternness of the interior, to relax our minds in things imbued with a restful shabbiness. Furniture and drapery that have grown too threadbare for use at those altars constantly on parade, are relegated here where the shadows are tender to their rents and disabilities. Things that would be hideous in the clean-swept church show delightful in San Blas, like the rags and stains of a captured banner. Altar cloths, vestments, pallia—rejected by vestiary and priest—are brought here, and drip from tables and walls in charming intimacy with dust and moth. Squares of tapestry with the Virgin's head gone to a smudge, and the golden crown to base metal, napkins with dirty fringes, dingy chasubles—how contented they look to be relieved from smart brushings and decorous foldings!

And because this chapel is dusky, and its roof glows like smouldering fire, and in every corner a lively skirmish goes on daily between yellow light and chestnut shade—because, in short, decay is natural and cleanliness is artificial, these miserable rags, instead

of suggesting a fire, attract the eye by melodious hints of color and teach us how Time's gradual touch may moulder into beauty even unimportant things.

What it is that stops this study of Time in the cathedral is difficult to put in words, or to explain in any way. A day spent there is more than enough to impress you with its massive symmetry and its simple nobleness. Two days, three, or a week, are not enough to make you love it. In fact, by as many hours as you pass under its lofty roof, the feeling grows that something is wanting. You wander everywhere, absorbing always something of its coldness; you wander, looking for a word which the centuries have written, the word *finis*. It is not there. You carry away with you the impression of a cathedral unfinished and unfurnished, which, for that reason, the ghosts of four centuries will not deign to inhabit; a cathedral on which the builder's hand faltered before he could bequeath his plan to a worthy descendant, and which, ever after, men have foolishly hidden away from the completing tools of nature. Like an unfinished manuscript of a great author, Spain's primate church appeals to the curiosity of the brain rather than to the affection of the heart.

III.

AT last, as at first, one is forced to admit there is no writing intelligibly about Toledo. To say that it is a shell with a rim of crustacean inhabitants is not description, but generalization. Nothing is easier than to generalize over the city of the Visigoths. Perhaps, after staying there only three days I am audacious in writing anything, but for the impertinence I have two excuses, one being that few people stay so long, and the other that the actual Toledo utterly failed to dislodge the mental Toledo. Before I went there it existed as a city of terraces, of houses whose roofs made hanging galleries from which dark-eyed ladies looked down on the lists in the Vega. The women I saw in Toledo may have had black eyes, but they were neither beautiful nor ladies, and yet there gleams again for me on the cliff walls of Toledo the silken splendor of Aldegonde's pavilion.

The actual city has neither wisdom nor romance to disclose, and not much of what is commonly called interest. It serves but as a resting-place for the overworked imagina-

tion. Somewhere between presentiment and emotion, Toledo lies—the Toledo, that is, of the mind, and the time spent within the gates of the hoary capital is but an hiatus between periods given over to visions.

Which shall I write about, asks one, wishing to tell the truth, the dream city or the real? And how can one decide when there is no *real*, when the description of Toledo as it exists is the description of a stone three-quarters in shadow?

One easy method of describing Toledo is to tell what is not there. It is certain that we saw no lists in the Vega, no silken draperies, no beautiful women. The inhabitants made no effort to amuse us, but left us free to reconstruct the place with reverie, and destroy it again with ennui. For two days we built and tore down, and on the third found ourselves reduced to accept the ancient city for what it was, and instead of going about dreaming, we went looking. Matters had adjusted themselves, and we might have stayed on indefinitely, leading tranquil lives, and dreaming of Toledo, as of any other dim tract of No Man's Land, that we never expected to behold except in dreams.

Meanwhile our eyes saw whatever life was to be seen in Toledo. The blood flowed with comparative rapidity in a smart little street

not far from the Fonda de Lino. We went there to buy a pistol, and the shop where such a modern invention could be found, was of all places, an antiquary shop. But we remained to turn over what seemed to be treasures, and I have no doubt that all we did not buy were treasures. The rubbish we selected was not forced on us by the cheerful merchant whom I wish to commend as the only civil shop-keeper out of Madrid. He had the true American salesman's sympathy for the purchaser, and instead of scowling at us over his *brasero*, after the almost universal Spanish custom, he felt glad to show us his goods. His little shop—dark and dirty as a self-respecting antiquity shop ought to be—was a veritable museum of curiosities. It was particularly rich in curios of the sixteenth century—embroideries, carvings, tapestries—and encouraged by our exclamations at the first articles exhibited, he brought out of cabinets, drawers, and pigeon holes, an almost limitless treasury. Rembrandt would have found in this shop abundant material for enriching his studio. From a back room no larger than a closet, the merchant brought forth a pile of coverlets of velvets, silk, and stuff stiff with gold and silver, that reached to his shoulder. It seemed as if this merchant had robbed all the

beds of the sixteenth century, and heaped their riches and luxuries in the narrow compass of his shop. Antique arms, coats of mail, shields that preserve traces of the golden cross, Moorish scimitars and poniards, with chased silver scabbards, or sheaths of velvet or leather, chaplets of cedar of Lebanon, gold and silver images of curious taste, and innumerable other articles of ancient fashion, and almost unknown uses—all these things has this poverty-stricken merchant in his costly and singular collection, and he allows you to turn and tumble over every article to your heart's content.

Upon the walls were hung trophies wrested from the Moors, and a banner captured by Don John at Lepanto. As to the latter, knowing how jealously Spain has ever guarded the spoils of her natural son, we kept an incredulous silence. Our enthusiasm, otherwise, was quite satisfactory to the merchant, and he fed it lavishly. From a tiny *tabatière* of some strange-smelling wood, he extracted a bracelet woven from the hair of Don Pedro and Maria Padilla. He followed this with another, a snuff-box in silver, which he shook in his hand eliciting a sound like a dry pea in its pod. This he was about to open after smilingly asserting it contained the preserved heart of Mendoza, but we looked him sternly

in the face, all our admiration turned to sadness, quickly paid him for the pistol and other purchases, and departed. I have regretted since that I took offense so quickly. It could have done me no harm to look at the withered membrane—of course it was not the heart of Mendoza, but it could have done no harm to look.

The other shops in the Place of the Merchants sold more modern rags than the one we patronized. Half of them sported in the windows and before the doors, a motley collection of cotton scarfs, stockings and shirts, while the other half exhibited an equally gaudy show of vegetables of which the staple were beans and garlic. It was not easy to pick out of the knot of people clustered about each shop door, the merchant and the customer, for in Spain both are plural. No one in Toledo goes alone to the market-place; every citizen is accompanied by his entire household, and to meet this concerted action, as a measure of self protection, the proprietor surrounds himself with his partisans. Accordingly, when the two armies join battle over a pint of beans or a yard of calico, the Place of the Merchants becomes a very lively spot.

In comparison, the Zocodover, now called the *Plaza de la Constitucion*, is dead, although

it is the popular promenade of the citizens. There the Toledan, not being animated by the desire to get a real advantage of his neighbor, manifests his absolute indifference to everything and everybody. It is colder in the Zocodover than in other parts of Toledo, which is natural, for it is open, while the narrow and winding streets were so built by the Moors to protect them against the sun and wind. But the cold seems caused by the frown of the Alcazar that crowns, stiff and severe, the crest on the right. We never saw many people in the plaza, sometimes a party of very poor peasants chatting together in mournful monotonous voices, and always three or four officers who flung their white braided blue capes over their shoulders, rolled and smoked cigarettes and, at regular intervals, solemnly saluted themselves. The shops about the place might as well have been closed for all the custom they attracted, but the cafés, especially that of the *Constitucion*, enjoyed a rushing trade. We used to drop in to shiver on a bench as hard as those of the Zocodover and listen to the conversation.

This listening could not be called eavesdropping, for every speaker roared out his sentiments so as to be heard in all parts of the room. The favorite and constantly recurring word of these chocolate and coffee-drinkers

was "abajo." Every body seemed to be desirous to put something or somebody down. No, not every body, for the officers and the cadets from the Alcazar military school spoke of institutions they were willing to leave standing, but these were mostly in Madrid, where the officers had been and the cadets laid eager plans to go.

These bored officers and callow cadets formed our last link with the modern world. We clutched at it, this final day, in order to resist the deadly fascination of ruin and went to see how and where they live. We went first to the college of Santa Cruz, where the sons of officers are lodged during the three years course of the military instruction enjoined by the State. There were less than a hundred of these youths, who pay \$1.00 a day for their board; the remaining five hundred cadets being lodged and boarded in the Alcazar for half that sum.

The college of Santa Cruz—formerly a hospital, founded by Cardinal Mendoza, is one of the loveliest early sixteenth century buildings of Spain—an era when the florid Gothic was merging into the Renaissance. In this monument the transition is accomplished without any of the incongruities so frequently met with in plateresque examples. Surely Enrique de Egas, when he placed the match-

less group of the invention of the Cross over the portal, wrought with the inspired chisel of Alonzo Cano. The patio fulfills the gate's promise. It is surrounded by two stories of light arcades supported by slender white columns, and it contains a staircase the like of which cannot be seen elsewhere in Spain. Upon it have been lavished all the resources of artists trained in two fruitful schools, the Renaissance and the Mudejar.

But we hasten to visit the home of the other five hundred cadets; we feel more interested in them than in these pampered young aides-de-camp, and, besides, nobody asks us to see any other part of Santa Cruz but the patio. Presently we are climbing the highest hill of Toledo in the shadow of the Royal Alcazar. We stand for a moment in the plaza beneath its frowning façade and enjoy a magnificent view of Toledo, its descending streets just distinguishable among sloping roofs, its ascending spires that still are minarets, its broad road to the bridge of Alcantara, the green-blue Tagus, the granite hill opposite crowned by the ruined castle of San Cervantes. All the details of this view look like a work of Nature in which man had no part.

The Alcazar, too, looks like a part of the rock on which it stands. Its indestructible

walls have had nine centuries in which to amalgamate with their foundations. And yet this palace has seen terrible convulsions. The Portuguese burned it in the war of succession, and Cardinal Lorenzana restored it for Charles III. just in time for Soult's soldiers to occupy it as a barrack. The same troops burned it again when evacuating the half-ruined city. It was left to itself for half a century, Isabella having bestowed her love and money elsewhere, and then the short lived republic began to restore it for a military school. Alphonso completed the work and carried out the intention. Now, the vast quadrangle echoes to the spurred-heels of lively school-boys, their names are scribbled on the fine staircase and their mischievous eyes peer down from the upper galleries on the sauntering strangers. They are under the charge of an Inspector-General and a numerous staff of teachers. They pay a nominal price for their board, but the instruction, which comprehends a curriculum almost identical with that of West Point, is gratuitous. A very relaxed discipline, compared to our Hudson river academy, prevails in the Alcazar.

On the low parapet, in front of the palace, I lingered for awhile. The roofs below me lay plunged in dark blue shadows. The end

of the afternoon and our stay approached. Three days had elapsed since we reached Toledo, and we knew as much of its physiognomy as we could ever learn. We had seen its churches and chapels, its palaces of king and monk. These ghosts had filled me with an impatient longing to be gone.

We ran back to the Fonda de Lino and, for the last time, entered the omnibus to go to the station. With some confusion, for we had cut him remorselessly, we recognized Alexis Amaudry in a fellow-passenger. He had put on a broad-brimmed sombrero in place of his usual silk hat, and, with the exchange, he seemed to have taken on another character. He had nothing to say, but waved his hand, and continued to read a little note book.

The train started, bearing us southward, and, as we took our last look at the city disappearing behind its granite hills, we tried to answer a question, unanswerable then and which has remained unsolved, Were we glad or were we sorry that we had seen Toledo?



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